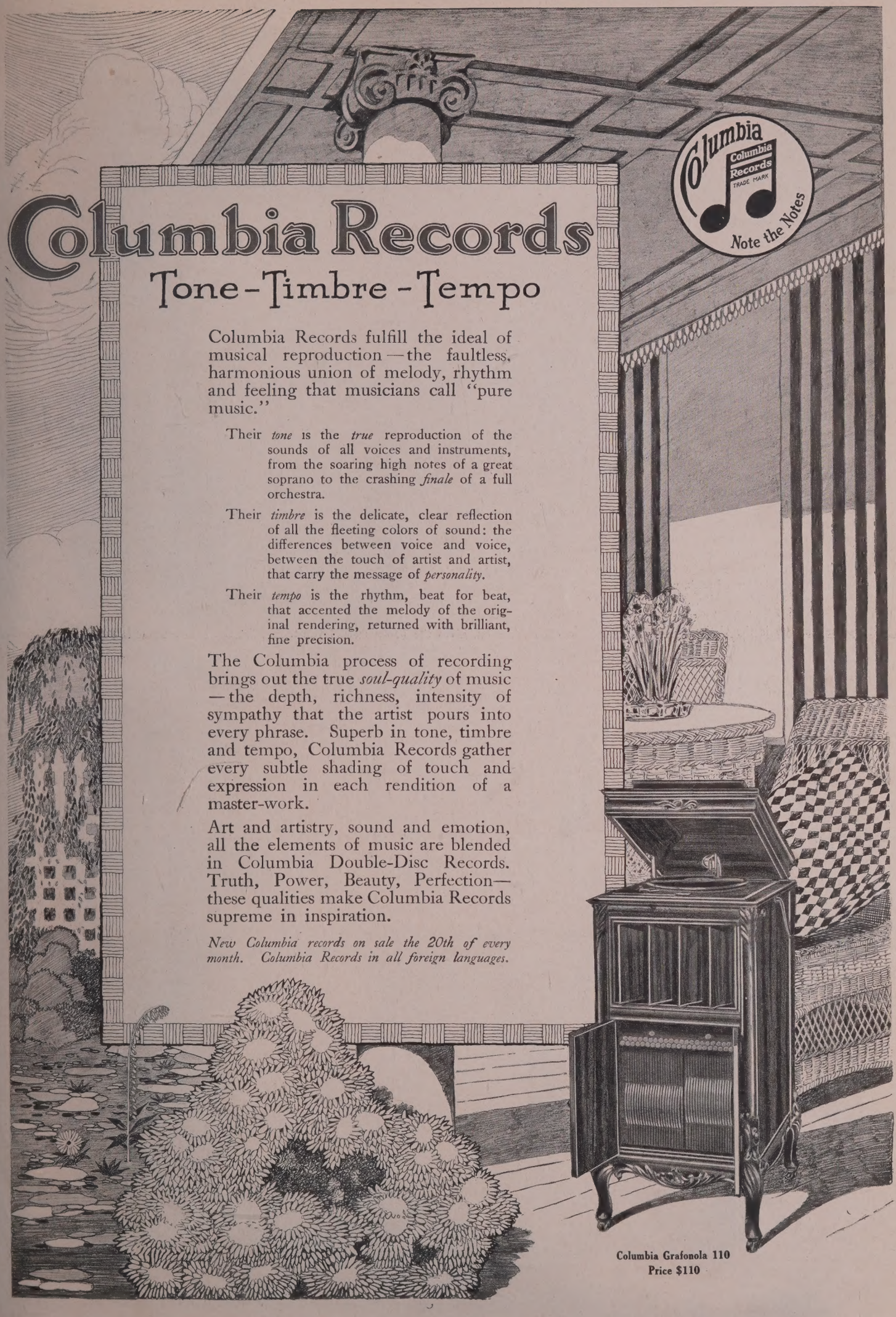

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A Masefield Play and Other Books

A DRAMA in prose* by a poet who understands something (although not everything) of dramatic structure is not to be classed with what is commonly known as the poetic drama, which is characterized by words out of proportion to the immediate action. In the details of the form Masefield does not prove himself in "The Faithful" an expert dramatist, but he is highly dramatic in spirit, always poetic, virile and without the weakness of prettiness, vivid and consistent in picturing character and expressing emotion, and furnishing scenes that would stand the test of performance. While the play is of doubtful value for the stage itself, there are many scenes in it that would be powerfully effective, some touching in sentiment, some noble in thought and character, some impressively tragic. The impression from the acting of it might not be the same in satisfactory completeness that one gets from the reading. The characters and the circumstances of the action are very remote from common experience or knowledge. An old and famous legend of Japan supplied its inspiration. A man of the people, but of rank, who stands for the rights of his community, finally sacrifices himself for them and for human rights, but at the same time he is the victim of that sense of duty that bows to superior authority. One may also trace in it the origin of that idea of discipline which is said to make States great. An oppressor, a favorite of one in higher authority, comes to a peaceful valley with an order of the court putting him in possession of the lives and property of the dwellers there. Summoned to attend the presence of this smaller dignitary, the leaders of those in the valley are trapped one by one with the wiles of the unscrupulous invader. One of them kills the invader. The happenings tend to but one end, tragic ruin. The leaders that are left have orders from the Envoy to kill themselves. This is the ending of the play:

JOHN MASEFIELD
The sailor-dramatist

KURANO. Come this way. Come this way. It is but a little way. The word has gone to the Envoy. The order will come in a few minutes.

This is the grave. This is the holy place. We are all anointed and ready. We have kept faith this night, and it will soon be morning. Look, our lanterns are dim, and there is all the dew on the grass. This is Asano's grave. This little green heap where the little flowers grow. So now we have come here. Oh, the joy of being able to come! We are the happy faithful and the birds are beginning.

My beloved man, whom I knew, our master and friend, lying here under the grass, we come here on our knees, to say that we have kept faith. We have broken the chain and spilled the cup. He is dead, Asano.

Asano, beloved master, we offer you back this knife.

It was stained when you left it with us. We have cleansed the stain.

Take it from us, Master Asano, with our love and with our lives.

THE RONIN. Gladly given, Master Asano.

(A trumpet winds.

KURANO. Now I receive the herald who will bid us come to you, Asano, in whatever windy place the dead know, to be with you forever.

(A trumpet winds.

The merit of the play is that it is not declamatory and quotable after the manner that could be employed with Stephen Phillips. In other words, Masefield is a dramatic poet of a much larger kind than those who play with words in the expression of feeling. Much of this play is entirely foreign to our customs and our thought. For that reason alone passages cannot easily be quoted from Masefield without giving details of the substance of the play.

*THE FAITHFUL. A Tragedy in three acts. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.: New York.

The two handsome volumes, entitled "The Masterpieces of Modern Drama"* are extraordinary in the number of plays and authors represented. The substance of sixty plays may be accounted as good value. Discrimination having been exercised by the editors of the volumes there is no occasion for anything other than a memorandum as to the value and interest of what is set before us in such convenient form. A good proportion of the plays have been published and are accessible separately, but what we get of those that remain in manuscript and which may never, by some chance or intent, reach publication, gives the books special value. Among the plays, unpublished in full or withheld for years, are "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Shenandoah," "Secret Service," "The Moth and the Flame," "Strongheart," "Paid in Full" and "As a Man Thinks." Barrie is represented by "The Admirable Crichton," Pinero by "The Thunderbolt" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," Jones by "The Liars" and "Michael and his Lost Angel," Shaw by "You Never Can Tell" and "Cæsar and Cleopatra." There are fifty-three authors and sixty plays. This is an honor roll which is fairly comprehensive. These at least are the most distinguished authors. Some of the plays have never found an abiding place on our stage, but are very notable, such as "The Crows," by Henry Becque, and "The Seagull" by Tchekof. Of Suderman only "John the Baptist" is given. Other authors are Tennyson, Strindberg, Chambers, Stephen Phillips, H. V. Esmond, J. M. Synge, Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, Louis N. Parker, Githa Sowerby, and authors whose names are suggested by their plays: "The New York Idea," "The Great Divide," "The Scare-crow," "The Weavers," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Frou-Frou," "Monna Vanna," "For the Crown," "A Scrap of Paper," and others. The method of condensing the story of the play so as to connect the selected scenes is not uniformly satisfactory, or perhaps it does not work with equal clearness in results with all plays. Thus, while "Paid in Full," by Eugene Walter, is clear cut, giving a definite impression and whetting the wish to see the play in full, the pages devoted to "The Importance of Being Earnest" reduces the piece to empty silliness. Possibly this result may be the fault of Wilde and not of the method of editing him. In fact, a notable service would have been rendered if our suspicion as to the futility of this absurdly praised play were thereby indicated.

*THE MASTERPIECES OF MODERN DRAMA. English and American. Abridged in narrative, with dialogue of the great scenes. By John Alexander Pierce. Prefaced with a critical essay by Brander Matthews. Illustrated from photographs. Doubleday, Page & Company: Garden City. New York.

The Earl of Southampton, the only patron of Shakespeare known to biographical research and to whom the poet dedicated his Sonnets

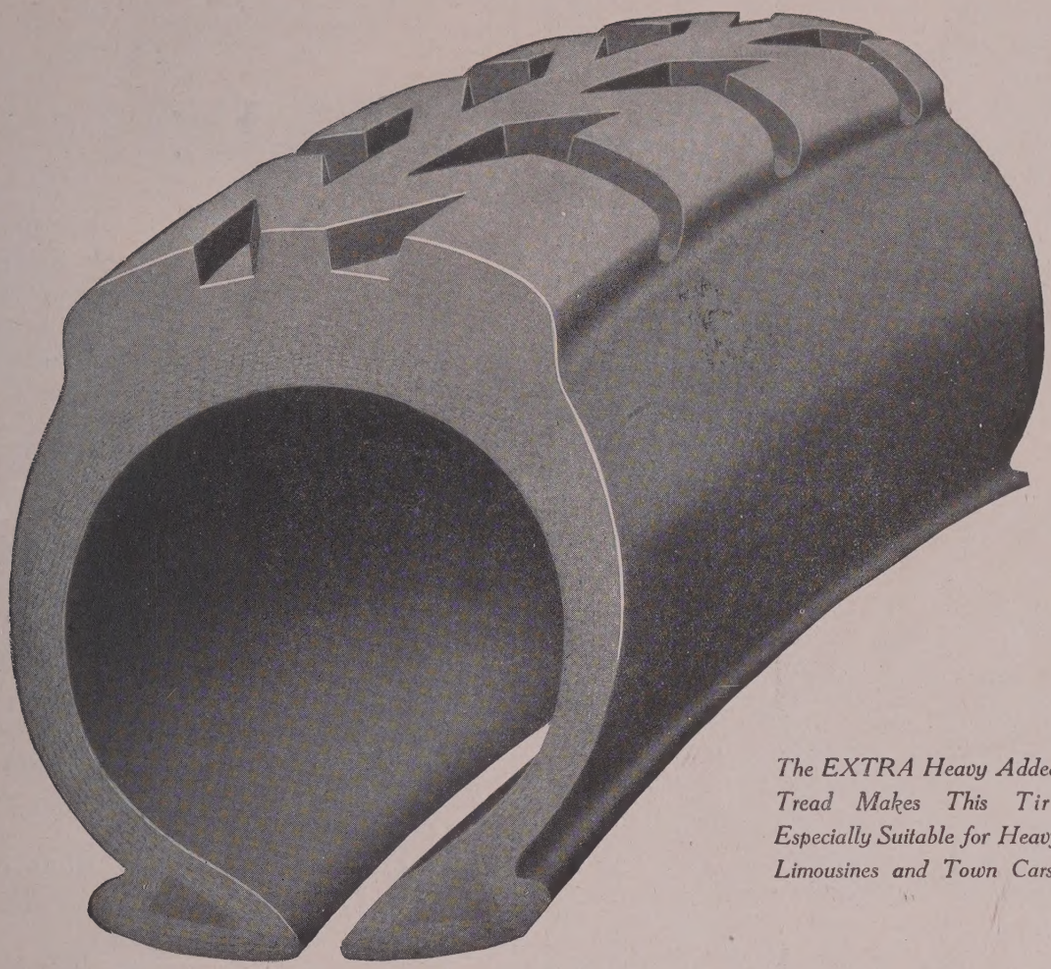
From Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare"

Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakespeare"* was first published, after many years of research, in 1898. It was recognized at once as the desired, the standard biography of Shakespeare. There were in it no startling revelations, but the personal knowledge of Shakespeare was broadened. Legends were sifted, cleared up or brought down to facts. Shakespeare was reduced, not in lessening his fame, to the proportions of a man. We saw him as a practical business man, with his social and personal relations defined, and the facts about his career, his writing, his sources of information, his relations and standing with his contemporaries. What we knew of him was relieved from a certain dryness. There has been an accumulation, little by little, of documentary evidence and details that finally remove all danger of Shakespeare becoming mythical. Sidney Lee has avoided the literary and ethical discussion of the plays which have no direct bearing on the life of the man.

*A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sir Sidney Lee. With portraits and fac-similes. New edition, rewritten and enlarged. The Macmillan Co.: New York.

From "The Masterpieces of Modern Drama" "THE DRAMA AS TEACHER" *Photo Louis H. Dreyer*

Awarded the $1,000 Fellowship Prize by the American Academy in Rome. This painting, a rectangular panel for a drop curtain for a theatre, is the work of Russell Cowles, of the National Academy of Design, New York



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WHAT TO SEE AT THE THEATRES

ASTOR. "The Cohan Revue, 1916." Clever and well staged revue, burlesquing all the popular Broadway successes.

BANDBOX. Washington Square Players. Unique one-act plays, well acted, presented by these interesting players.

BELASCO. "The Boomerang." Amusing comedy, cleverly acted by Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger and other favorites.

BOOTH. "Pay Day." Irene Fenwick in a curious play combining both the stage and the screen.

CANDLER. "The House of Glass." Emotional drama dealing with a woman unjustly accused of crime.

CASINO. "The Blue Paradise." A merry musical play.

COHAN. "Pom-Pom." Charming Mitzi Hajos in a sparkling comic opera full of life and color.

COMEDY. "The Fear Market." Well acted play, gripping in spots, dealing with the exciting happenings in the life of the editor of a blackmailing society sheet.

CORT. "The Blue Envelope." New and fairly amusing farce.

CRITERION. "The Merry Wives of Windsor." James K. Hackett, Viola Allen, Henrietta Crosman in a sumptuous production of the Shakespearean comedy.

DANSE DE FOLLIES. Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic." Beautiful girls, attractive costumes, and elaborate scenery in this new frolic which is a feast to the eye.

ELTINGE. 'Fair and Warmer." Farce, full of wit and humor. Highly amusing.

EMPIRE. "Margaret Schiller." Elsie Ferguson in a play of the present war with impossible situations and in which Miss Ferguson is not seen at her best.

FORTY-EIGHTH STREET. "Just a Woman." Play with a "punch," centering around the steel industry in Pennsylvania.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "Katinka." A typical musical play by the authors of "High Jinks" and "The Firefly."

FULTON. "The Melody of Youth." Brandon Tynan in a romantic comedy of the early nineteenth century.

GAIETY. "Erstwhile Susan." Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of an elocution teacher in a play founded on the novel, "Barnabetta."

GLOBE. "Stop! Look! Listen!" Gaby Deslys in a new and lavishly staged revue.

HARRIS. "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Prohibition play in which George M. Cohan, the author, makes facetious use of Billy Sundayism.

HIPPODROME. "Hip-Hip-Hooray." Sumptuous spectacle, full of novel surprises, and with a beautiful ballet on skates.

HUDSON. "The Cinderella Man." A whimsical four-act comedy with Shelly Hull and Phoebe Foster in the cast.

LIBERTY. "Sybil." Those popular stars, Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn in a new musical play.

LONGACRE. "The Great Lover." Leo Ditrichstein in a highly successful romantic comedy of grand opera life.

LYCEUM. "The Heart of Wetona." Finely acted and well-staged melodrama, dealing with a white man's love for an Indian woman.

LYRIC. "Potash and Perlmutter in Society." A continuation of "Potash and Perlmutter." Amusing and well acted.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "The King of Nowhere." Lou-Tellegen in a romantic play of the Henry VIII period.

PARK. "The Road to Mandalay." Tuneful, but dull comic opera.

PLAYHOUSE. Grace George and her company in repertoire, including "The Earth," "Major Barbara," and "The New York Idea."

PRINCESS. "Very Good Eddie." Musical piece founded on the farce "Over Night." Well produced.

PUNCH AND JUDY. "Treasure Island." A creditable performance of the dramatization of Robert Louis Stevenson's well-known story "Treasure Island."

REPUBLIC. "Common Clay." Sociological drama, highly dramatic, affording Jane Cowl emotional opportunities. Rather weak ending.

SHUBERT. "Alone at Last." A typical Franz Lehar operetta.

THIRTY-NINTH STREET. "The Unchastened Woman." Modern comedy by Louis K. Anspacher—one of the best plays of the year.

WINTER GARDEN. "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." Al Jolson in a new production well up to the standard of this playhouse.

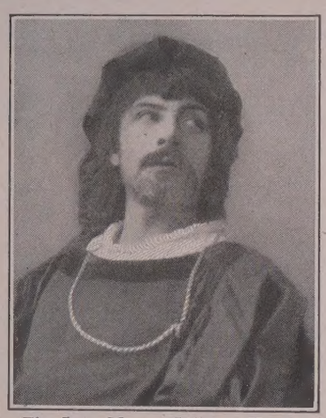
Percy MacKaye's Poem

The poem "Shakespeare," by Percy MacKaye, on page 214 of this issue, is taken from a collection of Mr. MacKaye's poems entitled "The Present Hour" (Copyright, 1914, the Macmillan Co.), by permission of the publishers.

Mounet-Sully Dead

Jean Mounet-Sully, the celebrated French tragedian and dean of the Comédie Française, died in Paris on March 3rd in his seventy-sixth year.

Mounet-Sully for many years had ranked as one of the most distinguished of living actors.



The Late Mounet-Sully as Hamlet

He was born at Bergerac in 1841 and was educated in his home town. He went to Paris to study law, but from his early youth he evinced a great aptitude for the stage, and on reaching the metropolis he entered the Conservatoire, where in 1868 he won the first prize in tragedy. The same year he made his début at the Odéon in "King Lear." The breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 interrupted for a time his stage career, he serving with distinction as lieutenant of the Gardes Mobiles. When the war was over he was seen at the Théâtre Français, making his début (1872) at that historic house with great success as Orestes in "Andromaque" and as Rodrigue in "Le Cid." The following year, he created the rôle of Didier in "Marion Delorme" and in 1874 was made a Sociétaire of the Comédie Française. From then on, his success was continuous and his reputation grew rapidly. He made his début in New York at Abbey's Theatre on March 27, 1894.

Sargent's Students in Plays

Two performances given by the students of the Academy of Dramatic Arts during the month of February were well worthy of attention. Both were initial performances in this country of plays well known abroad—Galsworthy's "The Eldest Son," and Andre Rivoire's charming comedy "The Little Shepherdess." The latter play unfortunately loses in translation, but the spirit and lyricism of the original were well brought out in the interpretation of the principal rôle by Marie Louise Pecheur.

"The Eldest Son" received a warm welcome. The text of the play is familiar to most Americans interested in the drama. It refutes the assertion that Galsworthy can't write plays. It has a good theme, plot, gripping scenes and emotion. The title rôle was admirably played by Clifford Bennett, but the best work done by any of the students was that of C. Walton Vail as the head keeper and Patterson McNutt as the father. Eleanor Brady as Freda gave a satisfactory performance.

These student performances which are given by the Academy during the season are usually excellent. It is one of the few avenues through which one sees really good plays which for a multitude of reasons never see Broadway, and many of the students, in the ability and finish shown in their performances, compare more than favorably with veteran players.

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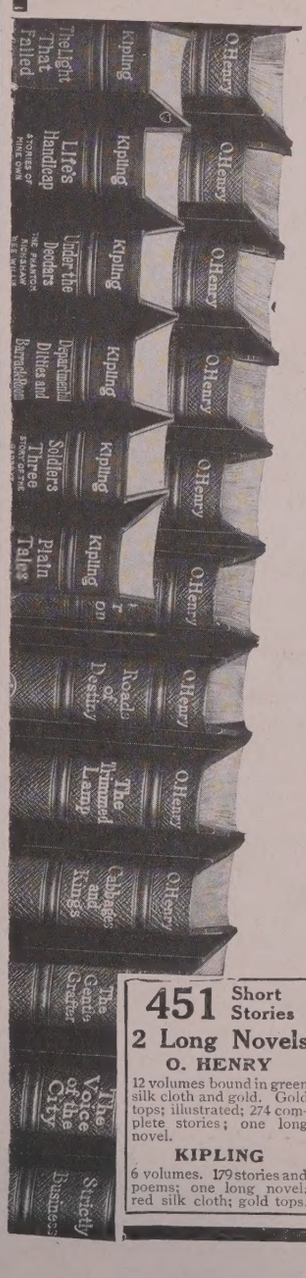

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THE COVER:

Portrait in Colors of Edith Wynne Matthison as Rosalind

Edith Wynne Matthison was born at Birmingham, England, and made her début at Blackpool, 1896, in "The School Girl," with Minnie Palmer. Later she joined Ben Greet, playing Miladi in "The Three Musketeers," Portia, Peg Woffington, etc. She first attracted attention when she played Violet Oglander in "The Lackey's Carnival" at the Duke of York's, September, 1900. She was leading woman for Ben Greet in Shakespearean repertory and was unusually successful at the Court Theatre, May, 1903, in "Everyman." She was seen in this play during the same year in New York. On her return to England she was engaged by Henry Irving, playing Portia to his Shylock, etc. In 1908 she came to America and appeared with Henry Miller in "The Great Divide" and in her husband's (Charles Rann Kennedy) plays, "The Servant in the House" and "The Winter Feast." After that she became a member of the New Theatre company. She is now appearing as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's leading woman at the New Amsterdam.

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SUBSCRIPTION: Yearly Subscription, in advance, $3.50 Foreign countries, add $1.00 for mail Canada, add 85c. Single copies 35 cents

Published Monthly by
THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY Telephone 6486 Greeley 8-10-12-14 West 38th Street, New York City

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ENTERED AT POST OFFICE, NEW YORK, AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XXIII. APRIL, 1916 No. 182

Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres., Louis Meyer, Treas., Paul Meyer, Sec'y; 8-10-12-14 West Thirty-eighth Street, New York City.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE AS MACBETH AND CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY MACBETH.

In the film production of the Shakespeare tragedy recently made in California by the Triangle Fine Arts Company

Stage Whispers

Shakespeare or Bacon? The Shakespeare Tercentenary is such a solemn affair that no one can blame William Selig, the well-known film manufacturer, for wanting to inject a little humor into it. The funniest thing he could think of was to thrash out in court the old Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. He has actually brought suit against Col. George Fabyan, the millionaire dry goods broker, *et al*, on the ground that "the defendants are contemplating the publication of a series of works which will attribute the authorship of the Shakespeare plays to Lord Bacon," and Judge Tuthill, of the Illinois Circuit Court issued a temporary injunction against the defendants restricting them from "defaming" the name of William Shakespeare. Mr. Selig, having recently prepared certain Shakespeare films in connection with the tercentenary, his contention is that if Col. Fabyan is allowed to call Shakespeare an imposter, the public will not attend the exhibition of his pictures. My hat off to Mr. Selig as originator of the most delectable, if not the cleverest, advertising device of the year!

* * *

The Genesis of a Play George Scarborough, author of "The Heart of Wetona," was for several years a United States Secret Service agent, and during the notorious Indian land fraud cases in Oklahoma was out there collecting evidence. Some of the material he gathered he has turned to good use in his present play. The character of Quannah, chief of the Comanches, played by William Courtleigh, is taken direct from the last chief of the Comanches, Quannah Parker, who died about three years ago out in Oklahoma. The great Comanche nation now has no chief, its affairs being governed by the advice of a United States Indian agent, after whom the character John Hardin, played by John Miltern, has been patterned. The episode of Wetona, played by Lenore Ulrich, also is taken direct from an actual occurrence among the Comanches.

* * *

The Lure of the Dollar Steadily the list of stage stars who have not posed before the motion picture camera lessens. After resisting repeated temptations, Otis Skinner has at last consented to appear in "Kismet," and E. H. Sothern will act in modern photoplays for the Vitagraph Co. Maude Adams, John Drew, David Warfield, Frances Starr and a few others have yet to be persuaded. The sacrifice must appear expensive when they read of Charlie Chaplin's $670,000 a year.

* * *

Pity the Poor Movie Star There is, of course, another and less agreeable side to the picture. If there's money in filmland, there is also plenty of hard work of not too congenial a kind. Some of the big stars find their motion picture labors particularly irksome. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is not over enthusiastic about his own experiences lately in California. "All the world's a stage and men and women merely movie players in Los Angeles," said Sir Herbert. "One day I saw a well-known English actress coming out of a bank sobbing, and I thought she must have lost all her money, but she was only acting a scene for a picture. They kept me at it eighteen hours a day, Sundays included, so that the trip back on the train was the first chance I had to rest. I have never known anything so luxurious as the leisure of that journey after working till after dark and then getting up before daylight."

* * *

The Grease-paint What does a stage career mean to an actress, who is a fine, womanly, sensitive being? Mary Anderson answered it, quite recently. "So long as I could not see the grease-paint on the faces about me, or the canvas drop of the scenery, the stage was very wonderful. For years I lived in the romantic semblance of its surroundings. One night I saw the actor, the man himself, in a scene where I had always imagined another being, a presence of my own fancy. My enthusiasm was over, I left the stage, because I could see the paint."

* * *

From Wagner to Ragtime Just before a concert recently, Josef Hofmann was trying the piano, playing impromptu a transcription of "Tannhauser." One of the men who had helped to move in the instrument stopped to listen. When the pianist stopped playing the piano-mover asked Mr. Hofmann if he would play *"Tipperary."* "I don't know it," said the pianist good humoredly, "but if you'll get the music I'll play it." The music was produced and Hofmann played it, first with the right hand, then with the left, and finally with both, developing the melody as the themes of a sonata are developed. They say improvisation is a lost art, but those who heard *"Tipperary"* played and transcribed that morning lost their faith in all such popular musical theories.

* * *

A Tragedy of the Opera House Who guesses the tragedy that has befallen a famous soprano of the Metropolitan, who has not sung a note here in public this year and will in all likelihood not sing here this season—and mayhap for even a longer time? What is said to have happened is that last summer, while undergoing an operation on one of her vocal cords, she suffered a slight abrasion and, in ignorance, sang two days after the operation, with the result that she has been voiceless ever since. That is sad enough and is costing her a pretty penny, for with an opera singer silence is never golden—to the contrary it costs money to keep a quiet tongue in one's head. But the real tragedy is that Gatti-Casazza planned that this season this particular singer should triumph. The operatic decks were clear: Geraldine Farrar was not coming until very late in the season; Emmy Destinn had not been engaged at all; and the newcomers among lyric prima donnas were all dark horses. Hence the favored diva was to have sung and conquered. Instead of this she has been rendered voiceless, thus missing an opportunity which seldom comes to any singer twice in a lifetime. It is grim tragedy, to say the least.

* * *

Not Enough Theatres? The cry of too many theatres is not heard in New York this spring. There are something over thirty houses available for legitimate attractions, yet managers are having trouble in finding quarters for their new productions. Lou-Tellegen in "The King of Nowhere" and Taylor Holmes in "His Majesty Bunker Bean" were forced to remain on the road, and "The Blue Envelope" was delayed for a long time before it finally reached the Cort Theatre. Maude Adams terminated a successful run at the Empire to make way for Elsie Ferguson, whose stay at the New Amsterdam was cut short by the coming of Sir Herbert Tree.

* * *

Mr. Blinn's New Theatre The best way to remedy a shortage of theatres, thinks Holbrook Blinn, is to build some more. At least one must assume this to be his opinion, judging by the artistic prospectus he has just issued. Mr. Blinn's interesting experiment with one-act plays at the Princess Theatre a season or two ago is still recalled with pleasure. Now he has another idea up his sleeve. He proposes to found a playhouse to be known as the Holbrook Blinn Theatre, in which will be produced "Seriously serious and seriously comic plays of unquestioned literary and dramatic worth." He promises that it will be distinctly original. The plans are not yet fully formulated, but Mr. Blinn's endorsement of the scheme guarantees something artistic and novel.

* * *

Sic Transit And now it is rumored that the Garrick Theatre is to be torn down! The inexorable demand of trade insists that art shall give way to the manufacture of pants, corsets and *lingerie*. It would almost seem that with a little more patience the location of this once popular house would again become popular and accessible. The new subways and the activity that is certain to grow up around the Pennsylvania terminal should make it, in the near future, a lively centre. Although somewhat old-fashioned, the Garrick is a comfortable and cosy theatre and in size just about right. Harrigan did some capital work on its boards and under Richard Mansfield's all too brief régime there were some admirable enterprises of worth and artistic merit presented there. The Garrick is a good name for a playhouse and will probably be utilized in connection with some new construction.

* * *

The Theatrical Interview Cyril Maude says that the funniest thing that ever happened to him during his American tours, was when a Western reporter sought an interview which was granted. The British actor was eating breakfast at the time and asked the questioner to proceed. "Well," began the reporter, "do you like eggs?" Mrs. Langtry, when told of this experience, however, said that she could match it. A reporter approached her in the parlor of a hotel and asked to interview her. She consented, but added that she was about to take tea, and would talk as she did so. A waiter approached and Mrs. Langtry ordered Russian tea. "Imagine that," said the reporter, "and here all these years I had supposed that you were a French actress!"

* * *

What's in a Name? The world that cares to know, already is aware of the fact that "Trixie Friganza" is Delia O'Callahan and that "Julia Marlowe" was Sarah Frost, but the plot thickens when we learn the famous "foreign actress" of the present is in reality Rebecca Isaacs. (Can you guess?)

The New Plays

Scene in Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's production of "Henry VIII" at the New Amsterdam

White
Lou-Tellegen and Olive Tell in "The King of Nowhere"

PLAYHOUSE. "THE EARTH." Play in four acts by James Bernard Fagan. Produced on February 15th with the following cast:

The Earl of Killone, Clarence Derwent; Sir Felix Janion, Louis Calvert; Hon. Denzil Trevena, M.P., Conway Tearle; Michael Dickson, Ernest Lawford; Roger Morrish, John Cromwell; James Bent, G. Guthrie McClintic; Rev. Malcolm Mackenzie, Richard Clarke; Hector Stronge, Arthur Eldred; Henry Robinson, Rexford Kendrick; Tupper, George Bangs; The Countess of Killone, Grace George; Lady Susan Sturrage, Charlotte Granville; Miss Janion, Norah Lamison.

The Earth is the name of a publication edited and controlled by a man of powerful intellect, whose influence with his aided newspapers is as subtle as it is formidable. Apart from his nefarious methods which partly explain his accumulation of wealth, he exerts a pressure for political ends which is practically blackmail of private character and doings. Indirectly, of course, it is unscrupulous and vicious, but he has the defense of public morality. The theme is big, important and interesting, but the announcement of a play on it does not at once suggest a story that excites anticipation. Nor do the details of the story convey an adequate idea of the absorbing interest of the action. The exposure of the illicit love relations of a prominent member of parliament in order to defeat a bill hardly promises entertainment. Sordidness pitted against a romantic but hardly defensible *amour* does not, in advance, invite the sympathies. But in performance "The Earth" strikes a balance that leaves a profit and makes the play well worth the while, that puts it in the front rank of the plays of the season. Much of this impression is due to the character, Sir Felix Janion, and the acting of it by Louis Calvert. What between the dramatist and the actor this character stands forth as one of the best defined and most impressive seen in many days. Sir Felix is seen in all his resourcefulness, writing his own editorials on occasion, dictating and describing policy and methods.

The performance is a triumph of effective acting. Louis Calvert is at his best. Grace George, as the Countess, has not a sympathetic part, on the face of it, but the situation is so contrived that she gains our sympathy, at least as a hunted animal. Conway Tearle is not strong or romantic enough for the part of Trevena; but these three principal characters combine to make some of the most effective scenes offered in any recent play, not effective in any explosively dramatic way, but in quiet force.

CORT. "PAY-DAY." A talking motion picture play in three parts by Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie Meaney. Produced on February 26th with the following cast:

Vincent Leigh, Vincent Serrano; Irene Leigh, Irene Fenwick; Caine, John Stokes; Mrs. Fenton, Mrs. Pauline Duffield; Dr. Greyson, Henry Harmon; Watkins, Burke Clarke; Isabelle, Suzanne Jackson; Ruth, Gertrude Dallas; Captain of the Police, Edward J. Hayes; A Policeman, William Bennett.

It is an astonishing fact, but the circumstances all bear it out, that "Pay-Day" was originally presented as a serious play. Accepted on the opening night as a satire on the extravagances of the moving picture drama it was hailed with laughter and has since settled down as a farcial success. Produced at the Cort it has been moved to the Booth. With the aid of an ingenious device whereby a stage upon the stage is rapidly revolved, the varying changes of scene are speedily effected and there is no loss of continuity or interest. Styled a dramatization of a moving picture scenario it utilizes the screen and the spoken drama to present a play in which "the big punch situation" of nearly every melodramatic success of the past five years is employed. This distinctly makes for satire. The protagonist sends a woman to prison for his crime, marries another, murders her and then places the blame on his original victim. Then he marries a third. But the victim released from prison gives him leprosy and together they are marked for the leper colony at Molokai. All this is a moving picture drama which an actor and his wife are considering for use on the screen. Probably by this time the players are im-

White

Grace George as the Countess of Killone in James Bernard Fagan's play, "The Earth" at the Playhouse

parting just a little more emphasis to their work thereby sharpening the humorous effect. The stage settings are excellent and the company one of superior all around ability. The persecuted heroine is enacted by Irene Fenwick with beauty, youth, charm, finish, humor and dramatic fervor. Of the younger actresses Miss Fenwick leads all the van. Vincent Serrano is a polished villain; Pauline Duffield a mother of sweet simplicity and gentle grace; John Stokes an insistent implacable detective; Henry Harmon a doddering doctor, and Burke Clarke one of those faithful valets whose repose is only equalled by their prescience. The wives are played respectively by Suzanne Jackson and Gertrude Dallas. One is emotionally effective, the other critically cynical. The authors of "Pay-Day" are Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie Meaney.

Vincent Serrano and Irene Fenwick in "Pay-Day" at the Booth

LYCEUM. "The Heart of Wetona." Play in three acts by George Scarborough. Produced on February 29th with this cast:

Quannah, William Courtleigh; Wetona, Lenore Ulrich; John Hardin, John Miltern; David Wells, Edward L. Snader; Anthony Wells, Lowell Sherman; Mary Greer, Isabel O'Madigan; Comanche Jack, Curtis Cooksey; Nauma, Ethel Benton; Nipo, H. G. Carleton; Pasequa, Langdon West; Eagle, Chief Deer.

A good melodrama of the old school that can boast of a wronged girl, an irate father, a villain and a hero, full of exciting moments, that is "The Heart of Wetona," the latest play by George Scarborough.

First brought to light under the title of "Oklahoma" it was rechristened for the New York début. Without resembling either of them, it has an atmosphere of "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Madame Butterfly." Is it that David Belasco had a hand in the staging or did it just happen? How true is it to life? That is for the author to answer, and really does it matter much if he succeeds in keeping up our interest in the drama?

Lily Cahill Brandon Tynan William J. Kelly

SCENE IN "THE MELODY OF YOUTH" AT THE FULTON

Quannah, the chief of the Comanches tribe, married a white woman. Wetona was born of the union. While in a boarding school she met Anthony Wells, a young engineer, who at first promises to marry her, but soon deserts her. Quannah, who learns of his daughter's disgrace, swears vengeance upon her seducer, and inasmuch as she runs to John Hardin, the Indian agent, for protection, he takes for granted that he is the culprit. Hardin has always loved the little Indian girl, and does not try to undeceive him but marries Wetona to avoid further trouble. Soon after, the truth is out, and Wells cannot escape death at the hands of the Indians.

The admirable stagecraft of David Belasco is seen everywhere—in the scenery as well as the acting and selection of the players. William Courtleigh, in a wonderful make-up, is excellent as Quannah, while John Miltern as John Hardin is not only manly, but sympathetic at all times. The two most difficult rôles are, however, Wetona and Anthony Wells. Lenore Ulrich, childlike as she is, helpless, going through the entire gamut of happiness to despair, comes to the front in this play as one of the most delightful of our younger actresses. Her performance was a delight to eye and ear. As the villain Lowell Sherman was excellent.

FULTON. "The Melody of Youth." Romantic Irish comedy in three acts. Produced on February 16th with the following cast:

Cathleen Linnett, Lily Cahill; Mary Powers, Eva Le Gallienne; Alice, Mary Leslie Mayo; Sara Ann Powers, Maggie Holloway Fisher; Henry Sly, Charles McCarthy; Phil O'Grady, William Harrigan; Lord Killtartan, Wm. J. Kelly; Mrs. Elizabeth Hilperty, Florine Arnold; Pastor Paul Knox, George Giddens; Anthony Beresford, Brandon Tynan; Blind Man, Thomas J. McCrane.

The Irish play cannot be described as being in any kind of vogue. A dwindling number of actors, with tuneful throats, have made enormous success in a very limited number of such plays; but the distinctly Irish play, unaided by song that was half the action, and built up of the turf and the sod, are not on the daily bill of theatrical fare. An Irish romantic play, to attract attention, would have to be written by a true Irishman. This, fortunately, is the case with "The Melody of Youth," entitled boldly "a romantic Irish comedy," by Brandon Tynan. It is no discredit to say that

Photo White

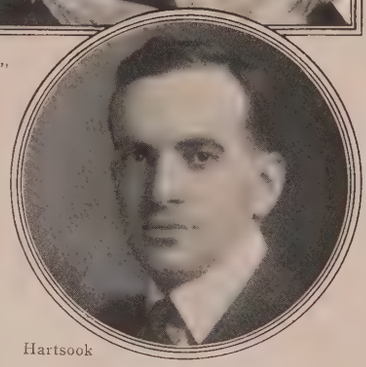
VALLI VALLI
In "The Cohan Revue, 1916," at the Astor

© Ira L. Hill's Studio

FRIEDA HEMPEL IN THE ROLE OF LADY HARRIET IN "MARTA" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

COMBINING the skill of a coloratura with a rarely beautiful lyric voice, Frieda Hempel occupies a unique position at the Metropolitan Opera House, filling leading rôles of both *genres*. She had won success abroad before she came to the Metropolitan, having sung at the Berlin Opera, at Bayreuth and Covent Garden. She is a native of Leipsic and at first studied to be a pianiste when her voice was discovered and shaped her career into that of a great singer. Her greatest successes at the Metropolitan have been as the Feldmarschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier," Eva in "Die Meistersinger," Queen of the Night in "The Magic Flute," and Violetta in "La Traviata." An attractive personality, gracious in manner, a good actress and possessed of a voice of rare, limpid beauty, Frieda Hempel is a favorite among opera devotees.

White
Pirate Girls in "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," at the Winter Garden



Hartsook
AL JOLSON
Featured in "Robinson Crusoe, Jr."

it may be too Irish for every taste, for a play may be too English or too German or too French or too American, or too anything. Perhaps, too, all romantic things are old, and this play has many of the old elements and characters, but none that exactly correspond to the patriotic plays, which have become so outworn, of the Boucicault period. The play is an idyl. An Irish youth, intended for the priesthood, falls in love with a lass who loves all cheerful things and who is accounted frivolous and worldly; she is only gay hearted and true hearted. It so happens that she is his ward, a very convenient arrangement, theatrically and otherwise. The dénouement, naturally, is, that in spite of rivals and family opposition, he wins her and she wins him to a life of less care than that of the priesthood. The scenic adjuncts of the play filled it with the Irish atmosphere. The thatched cottage "on the top of the hill," set in a garden with a generous apple tree in full bloom, is a delight. Miss Lily Cahill is the much loved girl, and well suited to the demands made on her. Mr. Tynan has grace, fervor, attractiveness, and (including authorship) varied ability. Florine Arnold, as a talkative, superstitious, odd character, an old woman, played with distinction in a capable company, which included George Giddens, an uncommonly fine character actor.

COHAN. "Pom-Pom." Comic opera in two acts. Score by Hugo Felix. Book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell. Produced on February 28th with the following cast:

Count de Joie, George Brugger; Manager of the Olympia, Eric Campbell; Evelyn, Edith Day; Policeman No. 13, Tom McNaughton; Secretary to Manager of the Olympia, Allan Kelly; The Author, Charles Angelo; Paulette, Mitzi Hajos; A Critic, Ben Lewin; Stage Carpenter of the Olympia, Thomas Wood; Bertrand, Carl Gantvoort; Grolmus, Thomas Walsh; Macache, William Eville; Bidage, Harry Child; Therese, Rita Dane; Gina, Edith Day; Jean, Thomas Wood; Papa Chapelle, George Brugger; Big Biassou, Detmar Poppen; The Dummy, Phyllis Davis.

Mitzi Hajos is a diminutive creature of charm not particularly dependent on personal beauty, but on a tricksome spirit and mimetic qualities. She can assimilate the spirit and form of the character she assumes. All actors, it may be said, aim to do this, but there is a distinction in achievement, a distinction that constitutes the difference between the artificial and the natural. Her first appearance here, a season or two ago, was in "Sari," an opera of Hungarian life. She was the good-hearted, clumsy, spirited, tricksome peasant girl to perfection. Apart from her popularity at home, the impersonation was convincing of its fidelity to type. In a second venture she was less successful, but in "Pom-Pom" she comes into her own again. In it, however, she is without the advantage of naturalness in the play itself. The book of the original Hungarian opera may have preserved probabilities better. But an audience is not disposed to quarrel even with impossibilities if a good measure of entertainment is provided. Paulette, an actress, is about to appear as "Pom-Pom, the Pickpocket." While she is on the stage thieves steal her jewels. When she returns to her dressing room she, being dressed as a boy pickpocket, is arrested as one of the band of thieves and is carried off to jail with them. She escapes with her companions, is held by them in their den, proves to them by her dexterity in a rehearsal of picking pockets that she is a worthy member. She entertains them with song and dance, watching for an opportunity to escape. She falls in love with a police lieutenant disguised as an "Apache," with the important result to the audience that she has an "Apache" dance with him. She is finally rescued. The working out of the idea of the book serves the purpose as librettos go. But it is Mitzi Hajos and good music and dancing that reconcile us to a story that seems to be somewhat bungled perhaps in the rewriting. With the probabilities better guarded it would be susceptible of being built up in all kinds of ways. As it is we have such convenient interpolations of Mitzi's dance with a dummy, in reality Phyllis Davis, a capital bit of drollery, so well done and with certain variations from the not unfamilar "act," that it has the distinction of a novelty. The principal comedian is Tom McNaughton, for whom better opportunities might be provided. The vocal preeminence was with Edith Day. The scenery was by Joseph Urban, whose work has enriched many recent productions.

SCENE IN "POM-POM" AT THE COHAN THEATRE

White
MITZI HAJOS
Starring in "Pom-Pom"

PARK. "The Road to Mandalay." Comic opera in two acts. Book by William H. Post; lyrics by William McKenna; music by Oreste Vessela. Produced on March 1st with this cast:

Ensign Tom Ballantine, John Roberts; Lieutenant Steve North, Stanley C. Ridges; Alphonse Vivani, Eddie "Cupid" Morris; Mrs. Everleigh Fitzhugh, Marie Horgan; Yvette, Gretchen Eastman; Rose Montgomery, Hazel Kirke; Lily Montgomery, Leola Lucey; Lieutenant Jack Poindexter, Frank Pollock; Hiram Montgomery, Herbert Corthell; Singh Poontano, Lawrence Grant.

The music of "The Road to Mandalay" is by Oreste Vessella, who is distinguished as a band leader. There is not much substance in the piece, but are not operas of the kind, for the most part, contrivances for opportunities of song, sentiment, comedy, dances and chorus? A modern story in old-fashioned setting is the proper description of it. A retired wealthy American manufacturer is traveling in India with his two daughters, who meet American naval officers with the usual happy complications and results, while he encounters a formidable person (Marie Horgan) who bags him. What more is wanted in a comic opera? There are the native dignitaries in resplendent turbans, sashes and what-not, to exercise terrible comic authority over the voyagers, and to transact comic bits of jealousy and dire threats. Has not the retired candy manufacturer an eye for beauty in the dancing girls? Herbert Corthell, if provided with better opportunities than songs interjected as of his own initiative, and not particularly

Scenes in "The Heart of Wetona" at the Lyceum

Photos White

William Courtleigh Lenore Ulrich

Wetona, the daughter of Quannah, Chief of the Comanches, tells her father that she is unfit to perform the duties of the Vestal Virgin at the annual religious festival. Quannah tries to tear her civilized gown from her and orders her to put on her white buckskin dress.

William Courtleigh Lenore Ulrich

Quannah is trying to force from Wetona the name of her white lover, but she refuses to tell him because she knows her father will kill him.

Lenore Ulrich Isabel O'Madigan

Wetona asks Miss Greer, a missionary on the Indian reservation, about love

Lenore Ulrich John Miltern Isabel O'Madigan

Wetona is delighted with her "Papoose Cat" which John Hardin has just brought to her.

William Courtleigh John Miltern Lenore Ulrich

Quannah, having followed Wetona to Hardin's house, whither she had hurried to ask Hardin's help to save her lover from her father's wrath, suspects Hardin as the man who has wronged his daughter.

Lowell Sherman Lenore Ulrich

Wetona is horrified at the attitude of Tony Wells, whom she loves.

John Miltern Lenore Ulrich

Hardin tells Wetona she must resist temptation and asks her to be his wife.

pertinent, could better sustain the action of the story, for he is a good comedian. Much that belongs to the development of the material could be substituted for what is now makeshift. Leola Lucey, having suffered an accident, was compelled to go through her part seated in a wheel-chair. She was in good voice, however, and sang *"Firefly"* and *"Heart of My Heart"* delightfully. Frank Pollock, with a clear tenor, has a spirited song in *"Sail Away."*

CORT. "ANY HOUSE." Play in three acts by Owen Davis and Robert H. Davis. Produced on February 14th with the following cast:

Sardus Summerfield, Edwin Arden; Doctor Bassett, Frank Gilmore; David Bradford, Milton Sills; John Wakefield, Hayward Ginn; Denham Rodgers, James Seeley; Charlie Pope, Jay Wilson; Ben Klotz, Ralph J. Herbert; Howard Wayne, Junius Matthews; A Newsboy, Jack Davis; Esther, Katherine Emmet; Amy, Edith Luckett; Mrs. Gilbert, Louise Galloway; Alice Wayne, Hunter Arden; Martha, Annie Buckley.

"Any House," the modern morality in "three periods," by Owen Davis and Robert H. Davis, failed at the Cort to evoke any popular appeal and was promptly withdrawn. The spiritual regeneration of a selfish, obstinate and foolish old man through his better self, actually represented on the stage, was not calculated to either stir or interest. The play had some original and novel features—mechanical or otherwise—but was hopelessly undramatic. Edwin Arden, in the leading rôle, acted with sustained strength and variety. W. B. Mack, as his superior alter ego, was impressive, and there was real feeling evidenced by Haywood Ginn as an honest but misunderstood son-in-law.

GAIETY. "Easter," one of the most beautiful and most religious plays of Strindberg, produced by Mme. Strindberg under the auspices of the Stage Society, recently, was most enthusiastically received. The play itself is a gem—the story of human spiritual resurrection personified in a young hyper-sensitive neurotic through whom the Scandinavian family is brought back finally to hope and joy and peace. This rôle of Eleonora was played most sympathetically by Kathleen McDonnell. Her interpretation was most sincere and convincing. Henry Stephenson, as the generous creditor, did a remarkably fine bit of acting. The rôle of the mother was ably taken by Gertrude Berkeley, but both Ivy Troutman and Walter Hampden were below the mark attained by the others. Gareeth Hughes was, of course, splendid. The scenery was designed by Norman Wilkinson.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. LA ARGENTINA. The début of La Argentina, the renowned Spanish dancer, on February 8th last, was a memorable occasion for New Yorkers interested in music and dancing. She is so distinctive, so utterly different to the other dancers who have come to us that her performance was an unusual treat. For this occasion E. Granados wrote "El tango de los Ojos Verdes," which was most enthusiastically received. The other numbers were by Gounod, Greig, Massenet, etc. One of the most charming was "Danse del Albanico" by Grieg. The costumes of La Argentina were striking in their simplicity and coloring, and tended to accentuate her slender grace and distinction. By her first performance she scored an immediate success before an audience composed of actors, actresses, musicians, opera stars and patrons of the art. (*Continued on page 238*)

New York to Hear Gustav Mahler's Eighth Symphony

THERE was a musician once, born in Bohemia, in 1860, and called Gustav Mahler, who came to New York in 1907, at the instance of the ill-fated Conried, to conduct German opera for a season or two. Also he held the leadership of the Philharmonic Orchestra just before Mr. Stransky's time. He was possibly not a winning person, this Herr Mahler, perhaps not a popular one, certainly a much-criticised one. Amiability appears not to have been his strong point, nor the ability to make concessions, artistic or otherwise. When he finally shook the dust of New York from his feet, which he did to a slow accompaniment of ill-disguised relief, no wail in especial went up to high heaven.

Herr Mahler had conducted some excellent performances of "Tristan" and "Die Walkure"; he had revived "The Marriage of Figaro," and had brought out Smetana's "Bartered Bride" and Tschaikowsky's "Pique Dame"—but then he had been especially imported from Vienna to do those things and the New York public prefered Hertz or Toscanini any day. So did the critics. And did anybody care that he had conducted opera and concerts at Castel and Leipsic, at Budapest and Hamburg, at Mannheim and Berlin, that he had been a pupil of Bruckner, and that he had two operas, exquisite song cycles and ten symphonies to his credit? They did not. Besides, he had jarred on the Committee of the Philharmonic.

So he went back to Europe, probably somewhat embittered. He was made that way. Possibly, except Wagner, nobody ever knew as many ways to have people jar on him, or to jar them in return as Mahler did. Not originally—he had been an idealist once—it may be he always was—but of his kind are the kingdom of pessimists. To strive, to strain, to fail—that seemed to be his record.

But records are made to be broken. In 1910, the year of the Oberammergau Passion Play, there drifted back to America the news that Gustav Mahler's Eighth Symphony and crowning work had been given on September 12th, for the first time, in the immense new Fest Halle at Munich, before apparently everybody in Europe

© Dupont
THE LATE GUSTAV MAHLER

that could get in. Americans or Europeans, tourists or musicians, they were all on hand, with Richard Strauss in a front box studying the score through a lorgnette and royalties thicker than thieves in Vallambrossa.

For that strange, unhappy, intolerant personality of Mahler's seems to have enclosed something very like genius—and at last to have been discovered in his Eighth Symphony. Every composer of absolute music has dreamed of sometime doing a great symphony which should unite all the arts of the concert room. Beethoven began his just before he died. Mendelssohn and Liszt finished theirs.

Among the moderns who have achieved such work are Bruckner, Sibelius and Mahler—and the greatest of these is Mahler. Mr. Leopold Stokowski, the first man to interpret it in America, who will lead it in New York on April 9th, describes Mahler's Choral Symphony as "comprehending the most ethereal and atmospheric, as well as the greatest sonorities of orchestral expression."

The conception is a stupendous one, and its carrying out involves besides an orchestra of one hundred and ten, a boy choir of one hundred and fifty and a chorus of nine hundred persons. There are eight soloists, three sopranos, two contraltos, one tenor, one baritone, and one bass.

Among his other peculiarities, Mahler had a hatred of the artistic dissection of his works. They must be judged, he declared, on their effect as a whole. But he did allow one man, Richard Specht, to write what may be called an authorized analysis of his Eighth or Choral Symphony. The symphony is resolved into two parts.

The first is written in the form of a double fugue, around the old hymn "Veni Creator Spiritus" and symbolizes the love that moves the universe, an invocation of the Creative Spirit, a song of yearning, of devotion, of anticipation. The second half, introducing the soloists, is woven about the scene of the Anchorites in Goethe's "Faust" and typifies the realization of that yearning which penetrates the first half. The realization is an overpowering, all embracing purified and purifying love of woman—"Das Ewige Weibliche!"

Sings the choir finally—from "Faust":

"All passing things
Are symbols sent;
Here Insufficiency
Grows to event.
The Indescribable
Here 'tis done,
Th' Eternal Feminine
Leads us on."

"Mahler himself felt," says Mr. Specht, "that his preceding works were preludes to this great Hymn of Love."

On Sunday evening, April 9th, at the Metropolitan Opera House, this epoch-making work is to be presented for the fourth time in America, the first time in New York. Perhaps across the gulf of time and sense, Mahler, listening, may hear his own work given in his former workshop—and may know that the old discords have been resolved into an eternal harmony. Who knows?

CLARE P. PEELER.

Special Tercentenary Section

CONTRIBUTORS:

William Winter, Horace Howard Furness, Jr., Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Livingston Platt, Brander Matthews, Percy MacKaye, Charlton Andrews, Charles Rann Kennedy, Alan Dale, Otis Skinner, Robert B. Mantell, Edward Fales Coward, Montrose J. Moses, Clarence Stratton, Ada Patterson, and others.

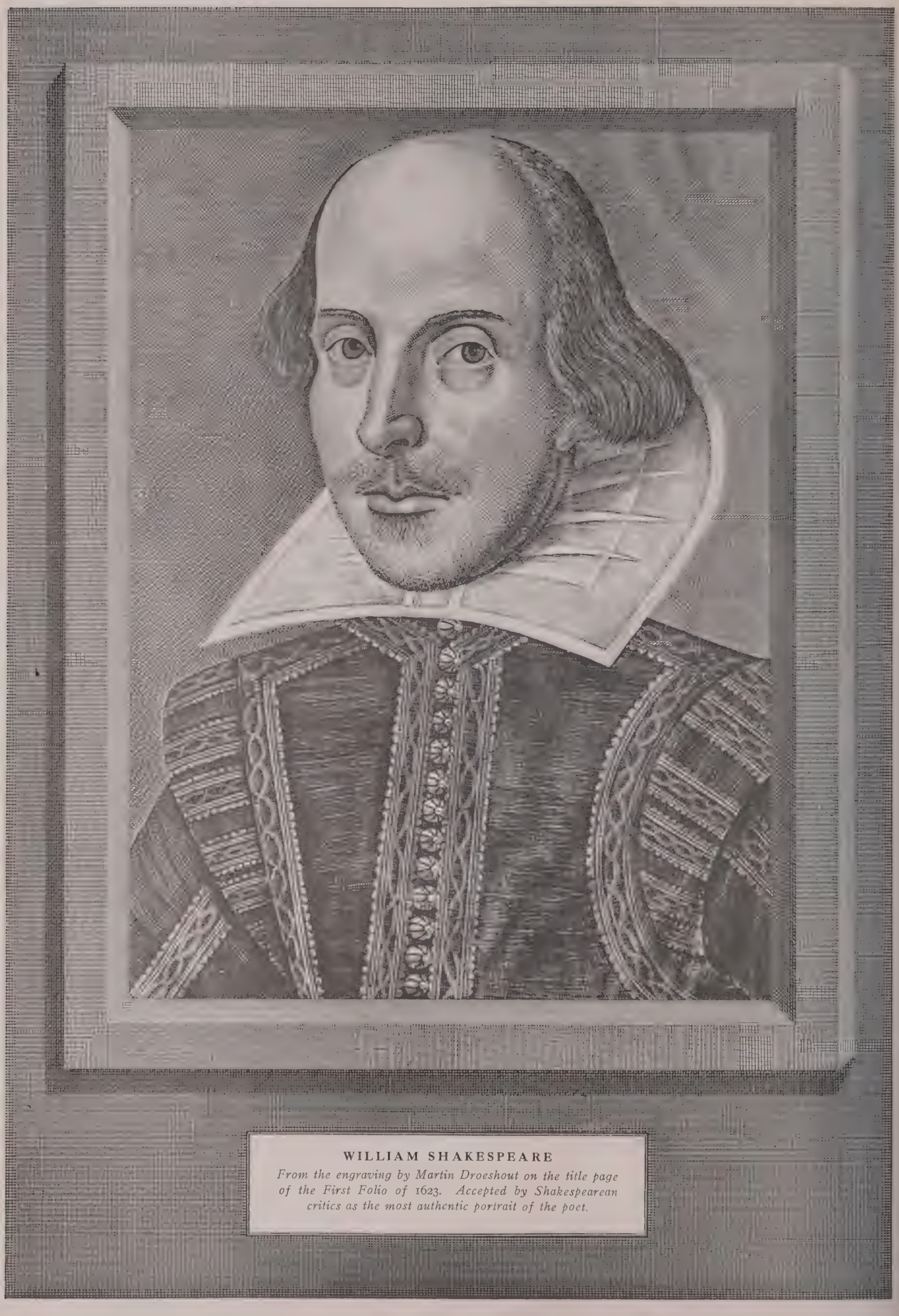
ILLUSTRATIONS:

Views of Stratford-on-Avon; the house in which Shakespeare was born; Anne Hathaway's cottage, and other places associated with his career; a full-page reproduction of the Droeshout portrait of the poet; view of the Globe Theatre, London, where his works were first performed; Shakespeare's gloves; Shakespeare and his friends; famous Hamlets; the women of Shakespeare; the Shakespeare coat-of-arms; the many portraits of the poet; fac-simile of the First Folio; Henry Irving's study book of "Macbeth," etc., etc.

AND

SIX FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS OF SCENES IN THE PLAYS, FROM THE FAMOUS BOYDELL COLLECTION

OF these splendid pictures Sir Sidney Lee says: "The publisher, John Boydell, in 1787, organized a scheme for illustrating scenes in Shakespeare's work by the greatest living English artists. Some fine pictures were the result. A hundred and sixty-eight were painted in all, and the artists whom Boydell employed included Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy, R. Smirke, George Romney, Thomas Stathard, John Opie, Benjamin West, James Barry and Henry Fuseli. All the pictures were exhibited from time to time between 1789 and 1804 at a gallery specially built for the purpose in Pall Mall, and in 1802 Boydell published a collection of engravings of the chief pictures. The great series of paintings was dispersed by auction in 1805."



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

From the engraving by Martin Droeshout on the title page of the First Folio of 1623. Accepted by Shakespearean critics as the most authentic portrait of the poet.

Swinburne's Tribute

Swinburne

IT is as hopeless to hope as it would be arrogant to assume that any tribute of praise or thanksgiving can glorify with any further glory the name that is above every other for variety in supremacy of powers and unity in diversity of genius. Of poetry pure and simple, imaginative and sublime, there is no master who has left us more; of humor there is no master who has left us as much of so high a quality and so deep an insight; of women as of men there is no poet who has created so many so surely endowed with everlasting life. All that can be known of manhood, of womanhood, and of childhood, he knew better than any other man ever born. It is not only the crowning glory of England, it is the crowning glory of mankind, that such a man should ever have been born as William Shakespeare.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The Droeshout Portrait

THE engraved portrait of Shakespeare by Martin Droeshout (see opposite page) was published in 1623 on the title page of the First Folio of the plays. The engraver belonged to a family of Flemish engravers long settled in London. It is considered improbable that Droeshout, who was only fifteen when Shakespeare died, had any personal knowledge of the dramatist. It is believed that the engraver worked from a preliminary drawing or limning, it being customary among engravers of that day to follow crude pictures in oils especially prepared for them by "picture makers" who ranked professionally far below limners or portrait painters of repute. Two copies of the engraving in its first state are known. One is in Malone's perfect copy of the First Folio now in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The other was extracted by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps from a First Folio in his possession and framed separately by him. It now belongs to the American collector, Mr. H. C. Folger, of New York. The picture seen opposite was photographed by permission from the $7,000 copy of the First Folio now in possession of the New York Public Library. "Although the first state of the engraving," says Sir Sidney Lee, "offers no variation in the general design, the tone is clearer than in the ordinary exemplars, and the details are better defined. The light falls more softly on the muscles of the face, especially about the mouth and below the eye. The hair is darker than the shadows on the forehead and flows naturally, but it throws no reflection on the collar as in the later impressions. As a result the wooden effect of the impression is qualified in the first state of the print. The forehead loses the unnaturally swollen or hydrocephalous appearance of the later states, and the hair ceases to resemble a raised wig. In the later impression all the shadows have been darkened by cross-hatching and cross-dotting, especially about the chin and the roots of the hair on the forehead, while the moustache has been roughly enlarged. The later reproductions in extant copies of the First Folio show many slight variations among themselves, but all bear witness to the deterioration of the plate."

On the page facing the Droeshout engraving in the First Folio, Ben Jonson congratulates "the graver" in the following lines:

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face, the Print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But, since he cannot, reader, look,
Not on his Picture, but his Book.

Ben Jonson

"There are only two representations of Shakespeare in existence," says William Winter, "which can be considered authentic—the Droeshout portrait and the Gerard Jonson bust (see page 204). They are not perfect works of art; they, probably, do not faithfully depict the original; but they were seen and accepted by persons to whom Shakespeare had been a companion. The bust was sanctioned by his widow and children; the portrait was sanctioned by his friend Ben Jonson."

William Shakespeare—the Man and the Poet

By EDWARD FALES COWARD

View of Stratford-upon-Avon, the lovely little Warwickshire town in which the youth of Shakespeare was passed.

IN all the three hundred years that have lapsed since Shakespeare passed into the Great Beyond, there have ever been those of every nation eager with time and money to unearth the tiniest data concerning this Immortal. Yet the past refuses to yield up her secrets, and here we stand to-day but little more informed of him, the man, and his actual doings than was the generation of two hundred years ago. The history of his time, the circumstances of which he was a probable part, the literature of the day, sidelights on the theatrical events of Elizabeth's reign, the possible likelihood of his this or that are the principal concomitants with which biographers eke out the scanty little of fact into books that shall contain the number of pages that a commercial necessity exacts. This is the record from Rowe to Hamilton Mabie, from Malone to Georg Brandes, from Coleridge to Horace Howard Furness, from Schlegel to Sir Sidney Lee. Eliminate conjecture, dispense with surmise and the actual residuum is a trace.

Courtesy the Page Co.

Shakespeare When a Boy

William Shakespeare, eldest son and third child of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, his wife, was baptized April 26, 1564, from which record it is inferred, there being nothing more authentic to go by, that he was born within a few days of that date in Stratford-on-Avon. His mother's family were gentry at Snitterfield while his father, John, was traditionally a glover in addition to which he dealt in general merchandise such as wool, skins, etc. He was a citizen of some mark for he held many local offices including that of High Bailiff, equivalent to the mayoralty of the town. Further, he dealt in real estate—his wife brought him some money—and he later figured as an owner of several houses at Stratford. The life which John and Mary led with their family was typical of the general simplicity but rude comfort of the neighborhood. It was in 1571, or at the age of seven that Master William first began to creep unwillingly to school. It is a fair certainty that he got there a good training in elementary Latin and the ordinary English studies. It was not to be for long, however, for in 1578 his father's affairs began to ebb. John Shakespeare failed in his assessments, got into debt, lost his public office and was judicially declared a bankrupt. It was, therefore, when he was fourteen that William was called upon to do something for the family needs. But whatever may have been the value of his sabbatical training there were influences at hand during this formulative period that surely stamped their mark on the lad's imaginative capacity. Strolling players came to Stratford. Their simple but virile plays, crudely acted, were given in the Guild Hall. Good Queen Bess in 1575 visited Kenilworth Castle, only thirteen miles from the town, where gorgeous entertainment was provided for her royal amusement. Master Will undoubtedly was a spectator.

Of the interval until his marriage in November, 1582, only all too dubious tradition fills in the yawning gaps. Drinking riotously at taverns was charged against him. Be that as it may, some irregularity had entered his life. An ineluctable necessity brought about his marriage to Anne Hathaway of Shottery. She was twenty-seven and he was only nineteen. Certain it is that Susanna, daughter of the union, was born just six months after the marriage license was issued. At the age of twenty-one he was the father of three, the twins, Hamnet and Judith being born in 1585. It could hardly have been to feed this very youthful family with juicy venison that Shakespeare became mixed up with the law, but the best of tradition has it that Sir Thomas Lucy had him punished for poaching and thereafter became a vulnerable butt for Shakespeare's youthful but incisive satire. Enthusiasts like Sir Sidney Lee have worked out the very roads by which he travelled and the particular inns at which he stopped when Shakespeare, in either 1586 or 1587, shook off the dust of Stratford from his feet and set out for that London that was to yield him the opportunity which, later, he was to pay back a thousand fold in the enduring blaze of his imperishable fame.

Yet still another void. On reaching the English metropolis just what influences drew him to the playhouse? Was it that he renewed the earlier acquaintance he had made with the strolling players at Stratford or was it that because he held horses of visitors to the theatre that he cast his fortunes in with the drama? Anyway, the first identifying record—December, 1594—shows him as one of the Lord Chamberlain players, the roster of which includes the names of Richard Burbage, Heming and Condell, later to become his publishers, but Lee, always a careful investigator, figures it out that Shakespeare's earliest histrionic ventures were associated with the new theatre, The Rose, at Southwark, two years earlier under Henslowe's direction.

Three fugitive statements are all that remain to fix his status as an actor. Gilbert Shakespeare, a brother, in his declining years, said he saw William enact an old man, possibly Adam in "As You Like It"; Rowe, the poet's first biographer, declares the Ghost in "Hamlet" was "the top of his performances," while "Excellent is the quality he professes," is a remark set down by Chettle, a contemporary. If the personal ideal, however, is to be unimpaired, let us trust that there has been some "break in the papyrus," for it almost seems that eleven years elapsed during

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In this room William Shakespeare was born 352 years ago. The ceiling is so low that it can easily be touched with the hand. On the chimney-piece many famous actors and other celebrities have inscribed their names, among them, Edmund Kean, Walter Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and Lord Byron.

The house in Henley Street, Stratford, in which Shakespeare was born. It is a small two-story cottage of timber and plaster, with dormer windows. Purchased by the poet's father in 1555, he resided in it until his death in 1601 when it descended by inheritance to the poet.

which Shakespeare never saw his wife and children. But if he neglected his duties as a husband and a father, it was a wonderful devotion which he gave to his then budding art.

Come we now to Hecuba, the golden age when British poetry broke into an effulgent dawn when he, her noblest singer, sounded the full throated notes destined for eternal reverberation throughout the corridors of illimitable time.

Of the plays which he re-wrote or embellished by his marvellous brilliancy of imagination and facility of beautiful expression; of the wonderful comedies and soul searching tragedies which sprang Jove-like from his mighty brain, here is neither the time nor space to enter into detailed analysis or discussion. Sufficient to say, however, that during the decade following his first arrival in London there was accomplishment superhuman in its wide-reaching value. And what a worker, too! It was not merely as a hack reviser, and an original author that Shakespeare labored in the theatrical vineyard. His two long poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece," were published at this time. He indubitably acted more frequently than his contemporaries saw fit to record. Sneeringly called, by the rancorous Robert Green, jealous of his growing popularity, a Johannes Factotum, this implies that he was an active agent in the rehearsing and staging of plays, the drilling of the irresponsible (the rank and file of players was none too respectable just then), the moulding of the loutish school boy into some semblance of identity with his lustrous heroines for at that time no women graced the boards. Then the reading which he must have accomplished! For it was during these ten years that not less than thirteen plays dripped from his pen, not all of unvarying merit, to be sure, still it was within this period that he gave posterity: "Titus Andronicus," "Henry VI," Parts

The home of Mary Arden (the poet's mother) at Wilmcote.

I, II and III, "Love's Labour's Lost," "The Comedy of Errors," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Richard II"—according to Coleridge "the most admirable of all the purely historical plays"—"Richard III," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "King John," and "The Merchant of Venice."

And for once at least genius was repaid, in gold of the realm current. "Shakespeare's emoluments as an actor, whether in London or the provinces," says Sir Sidney Lee, "are not likely to have fallen before 1599 below £100. Very substantial remuneration was also received by his company for performances at Court or in noblemen's houses. Thus a sum approaching £150 (equal to $3,750 of to-day) would be the poet's average annual income before 1599.... Probably as 'housekeeper' or part-proprietor of the Blackfriars and Globe Playhouses Shakespeare received, while the two were in active work, an aggregate yearly sum of £300. Earlier sources of income remained open to him, and yielded richer returns than before. His remuneration as both actor and dramatist between 1599 and 1611 was on the upward grade. Actor-shareholders were allowed to take apprentices with whom they received premiums. The value of the author's "benefits" grew conspicuously. Additional payments on an enhanced scale were made, too, for revisions of old dramas on their revival.... Thus Shakespeare, during fourteen or fifteen years of the later period of his life, must have been earning at the theatre a sum well exceeding £700 a year in money of the time (about $18,750 in our money)." That he was wealthy, toward the close of the century, is attested by the fact that it was about this time that he purchased "New Place" in Stratford for some $2,400. Here at least he had a nominal home in the year 1597.

If necessity had hitherto prodded him on to achievement prosperity was neither to limit his industry nor belittle the quality of his workmanship. On the contrary both were to grow. In the nineteen years to follow, that were to round out his mortal span, Shakespeare was to add twenty-four more plays to the library of imperishable literature, that is to say: "The Taming of the Shrew," "Henry IV," Parts I and II, "Henry V," "Merry Wives of Windsor," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Troilus and Cressida," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," "Pericles," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest" and "Henry VIII."

The exquisite sonnets, the baffling and enduring puzzle of the centuries, belong to the earlier period.

Palmam meruit qui ferat.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century to his death in 1616 the principal known events in his personal history may be summed up as follows: His father dies in 1601 and the dramatist becomes possessed of the house in which he was supposed to have been born. Less than a year later he adds appreciably to his holdings in and about New Place. In 1604 Shakespeare figures in King James' formal entry into London. Three years later Susanna, his daughter, marries Dr. John Hall. His mother dies the following year. In 1610 Shakespeare buys more land in Stratford, and in 1612 purchases a house in London near the Blackfriar's Theatre. Judith, his daughter (her twin brother, Hamnet, died in 1596), in March, 1616, is married to Thomas Quiney, and on April 23, 1616 William Shakespeare makes his exit from life's stage. Let me add my personal tribute to his mighty genius:

Hail, Master Mind, whose gorgeous thoughts and beauty of fulfil,
Have been the pride of ages past; shall be of those to come;
Oh, if the each, who from thy words has gained a lasting thrill
Retained a thought that led to better, higher, nobler things,
Secured that mental pabulum that all true poetry brings,
If they, upon the grave that holds the fragments of thy frame
Could toss a tribute, suitly fitted to thy matchless fame,
That Stratford mound would like a stary-pointed mountain rise.
Akin to Ossa by a Pelion topped.

The house at Shottery, now known as Anne Hathaway's cottage. Here Shakespeare came when a youth of nineteen to woo the farmer's daughter—a girl eight years his senior. The cottage still preserves the main features of a thatched farmhouse of the Elizabethan period.

At Shakespeare's Shrine

BY WILLIAM WINTER

IT is impossible to convey an adequate suggestion of the overwhelming sense of peace that falls upon the soul of the pilgrim when in Stratford church. All the cares, struggles and trials of mortal life, all its failures, and equally all its achievements, seem there to pass utterly out of remembrance. It is not now an idle reflection that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." No power of human thought ever rose higher or went further than the thought of Shakespeare. No human being, using the best weapons of intellectual achievement, ever accomplished more. Yet here he lies, who was once so great! And here also, gathered around him in death, lie his parents, his children, his descendants, and his friends. For him and for them the struggle has long since ended. Let no man fear to tread the dark pathway that Shakespeare has trodden before him. Let no man, standing at this grave, and seeing and feeling that all the splendid labors of vast genius end here in a handful of dust, fret and grieve any more over the puny, evanescent toils of to-day, so soon to be buried in oblivion! In the simple performance of duty and in the life of the affections there may be permanence and solace. The rest is an "insubstantial pageant." It breaks, it changes, it dies, it passes away, it is forgotten; and though a great name be now and then for a little while remembered, what can the remembrance of mankind signify to him who once bore it? Shakespeare, there is reason to believe, placed precisely the right value alike upon renown in his time and the homage of posterity. Though he went forth, as the stormy impulses of his nature drove him, into the great world of London, and there laid the firm hand of conquest upon the spoils of wealth and power, he came back at last to the peaceful home of his childhood; he strove to garner the comforts and treasures of love at his hearth-stone; he sought an enduring place in the hearts of friends and companions; and so he won for his stately sepulchre the garland not alone of glory, but of affection. Through the high eastern window of the chancel of Holy Trinity church the morning sunshine, broken into many colored light, streams in upon the grave of Shakespeare and gilds his bust upon the wall above it. The line of graves beginning at the North wall of the chancel and extending across to the South is devoted entirely to Shakespeare and his family, with one exception. The pavement is of that blue-gray slate or freestone which in England is sometimes called "black marble." In the first grave close to the North wall rests Shakespeare's wife. The next is that of the poet, bearing the well-known words of entreaty and imprecation. Next is the grave of Thomas Nashe, husband of Elizabeth Hall, the poet's grand-daughter, who died April 4, 1647. Next is that of Dr. John Hall, who died November 25, 1635, husband of his daughter, Susanna, and beside him rests Susanna, who was buried on July 11, 1649. The gravestones are laid East and West, and all but one are inscribed: the uninscribed one is next to the South wall, and possibly it covers the dust of Judith — Mrs. Thomas Quiney — the youngest daughter of Shakespeare, who, surviving her three children, and leaving no descendants, died in 1662. Upon the gravestone of Susanna an inscription has been placed, commemorative of Richard Watts, a person not known to have had any relationship with either Shakespeare or his descendants. Shakespeare's father, who died in 1601, and his mother, Mary Arden, who died in 1608, were buried somewhere in this church... His infant sisters, Joan, Margaret and Anne, and his brother, Richard, who died, aged thirty-nine, in 1613, were also laid to rest in this place. His sister, Joan, the second, Mrs. Hart, would, naturally, have been placed with her relatives. His brother, Edmund, dying in 1607, aged twenty-seven, was laid beneath the pavement of St. Saviour's Church in Southwark. The boy, Hamnet, dying before his father had become eminent, rests in an undistinguished grave in the churchyard... The family of Shakespeare seems to have been short-lived, and it was soon extinguished. He died at fifty-two. Judith's children perished young. Susanna bore only one child, Elizabeth, who became successively Mrs. Nashe and Lady Barnard, and she, dying in 1670, was buried at Abingdon, near Oxford. She left no children by either husband, and in her the race of Shakespeare became extinct. Thus, one by one, from the pleasant, rustic town of Stratford, they went to take up their long abode in that old church, which was ancient even in their infancy, and which, watching through the centuries in its monastic solitude on the shore of Avon, has seen their lands and houses devastated by flood and fire, the places that knew them changed by the tooth of time, and almost all the associations of their lives obliterated by the improving hand of destruction.

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This monument in Trinity Church, Stratford, was erected seven years after the poet's death. The bust was cut by Gerard Jonson, "a tombemaker" who probably knew Shakespeare in his lifetime. The peculiarities of the face suggests that it was copied from a death mask. The material is a soft stone and the work is painted in colors. The eyes are light hazel, the hair and beard auburn, the face and hands flesh tint. The poet's doublet is scarlet, the gown black, the collar and wristbands white. The upper part of the cushion is green, the lower part crimson, with gilt tassels. The inscription is as follows:

Stay, passenger, why goest thov by so fast?
Read, if thov canst, whom enviovs Death hath plast
Within this monvment: SHAKESPEARE: with whome
Qvick Natvre dide; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than cost; sieth al yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.

One of the oldest Shakespearean documents in existence is a narrative, by a traveller named Dowdall, of his observations in Warwickshire, and of his visit, in April, 1693, to Stratford church. He describes therein the bust and the tombstone of Shakespeare, and he adds these instructive words: "The clerk that showed me this church was above eighty years old. He says that....not one, for fear of the curse above said, dare touch his gravestone, though his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." Writers in modern days have disparaged that inscription and conjectured that it was the work of a sexton and not of the poet, but no one denies that it has accomplished its purpose, in preserving the sanctity of Shakespeare's rest. Its rugged form, its pathos, its fitness, and its sincerity make it felt as unquestionably the utterance of Shakespeare, when it is read upon the slab that covers him. There the musing traveller full well conceives how dearly the poet must have loved the beautiful scenes of his birthplace, and with what longing he must have desired to sleep undisturbed in the most sacred spot in their bosom.

He probably had a premonition of his approaching death. Three months before it came he made his will. A little later he saw the marriage of his younger daughter. Within less than a month of his death he executed the will, and thus set his affairs in order. His handwriting, in the three signatures to that paper, conspicuously exhibits the lassitude of shattered nerves. He was, probably, quite worn out. Within the space, at the utmost, of twenty-five years, he had written thirty-seven known plays, one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and two or more long poems; had passed through much and painful toil and through bitter sorrow; had made a fortune as author and actor; and had superintended his property in London and in Stratford and its neighborhood. The proclamation of health with which the will begins was, probably, a formality of legal custom. The story that he died of drinking too hard, at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson, is mere gossip. . . .

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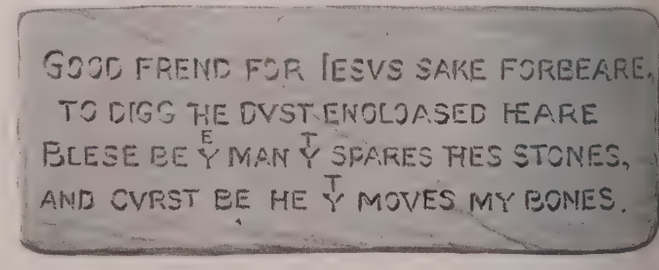

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG HE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE
BLESE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

In Elizabethan England the scandalous practice of digging up old graves to make room for new ones was universal. To guard against such desecration Shakespeare wrote the above lines and ordered them inscribed on his tomb

Painted by R. Smirke, R. A., for John Boydell, 1794.

SCENE 2 IN THE INDUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY, "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

A bedchamber in the Lord's house. Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker, is seen attired in a rich nightgown, with Lord and attendants, some carrying apparel, others with basin, ewer and other

SLY: *Am I a lord and have I such a lady?*
Or do I dream? or have I dreamed till now?
I do not sleep, I see, I hear, I speak.
I smell sweet savors, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed.

From the painting by W. A. Lenders.

Interior of the Globe Theatre during a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," showing some of the spectators seated on the stage, as was the custom in Shakespeare's day.

The Theatre in Shakespeare's Day

By CHARLTON ANDREWS

WHEN William Shakespeare came to the London stage, he found it infested with a pestiferous set of clowns, whose custom it was to speak more than was set down for them, and by coarse buffoonery excite laughter in the less intelligent among the spectators, the fooling, meantime, interfering seriously with the action of the play.

Shakespeare felt that the practice was villainous. Realizing the general ineffectuality of prohibitions, he set about twisting the evil to his purposes and so into a good. And on the basis of this pernicious buffoonery he built up his finest comedy.

The great dramatist knew always how best to adapt the material at hand. Finding his boy actors inevitably more or less mannish in their female rôles, he put his heroines into masculine disguise and so gave us Rosalind, Viola, Portia and Julia. If he was an indifferent actor, he was at least a thoroughly practical man of business, and he managed the theatre of his day with the resourcefulness of another Odysseus.

It was a stage seemingly devoid of features that could serve as first aid to the aspiring playwright. A bare, wooden platform, it extended into the centre of a square or circular or octagonal amphitheatre, with the sky for a ceiling and the hard-trampled soil of England for a floor. There were triple tiers of "rooms" extending all around and at least a portion of the stage was sheltered by a projecting roof. But, except for a blank wall pierced by two or three doorways, two pillars to support the overhanging "heavens," a little balcony or loggia up under the eaves, and the tiring house at the rear—that was all. No scenery, no lighting possibilities, no general curtain to disclose or cut off thrilling "situations," none—or almost none—of the manifold bewildering devices of latterday realism that have saved so many one-cylinder modern dramas from early ruin. But Shakespeare always knew how to make capital of the very things his theatre lacked.

Of all strange experiences that I can imagine, few would be stranger than that of waking up like Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee, not in King Arthur's court, but in one of Queen Elizabeth's playhouses. Fancy the motley-garbed throng of matinée "fans"—there were only matinées in those days—crowding over London bridge, or swarming across Thames in the innumerable boats that scattered before them the majestic swans. Doublet and hose, leather jerkin, plumed hat, jewelled sword, velvet cape, satin slashing, stiff starched ruff, all jostle one another at the narrow door of the Globe. The trumpeter has appeared in the turret and sounded the signal. A flag flutters up the pole, and the show is on.

In the "yard" stand the poorer folk, come early to secure the best locations. Now they abandon their cards and dice to give attention to the prologue. The pair of callow clerks to the left of the stage cease their sophisticated chatter on matters theatrical, which was intended only to draw the admiring attention of the two masked ladies in the "room" above. The apple boys check their advertising clamor. The lieutenant of infantry gives over chucking the pretty barmaid under the chin, at the moment the "upright man" beside him finishes picking his pocket. The young gallants who have left their "rooms" to elbow the commoners in the yard and spy about the galleries in the hope of recognizing the masked dames, now strut back to their places. Even the noble gentlemen and gracious dame who sit in the seats of the mighty on the stage itself condescend to stop talking, that the actors may be heard.

EXTERIOR OF THE GLOBE THEATRE

The Globe Theatre was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and was a rude building thatched with reeds. It was called the Globe from its almost circular form. In the year 1613 it was accidentally burned down and the following year a more pretentious theatre was built on its site.

The play begins. Yonder stalking tragedian with his lion's voice is none other than Dick Burbage, the first player of his time. The clown that hops before him and makes all the world hold its sides with laughter is Will Kempe—the Charlie Chaplin of the day. That pair of mincing ingénues that trip forth from the tiring-house door comprises a certain tall blond youth and a certain shorter brunet lad, for whose acting half the heroines of Shakespeare have been devised. Mere boys, they can scarce be expected to interpret human complexity; and therefore the wise dramatist draws his women for the most part simply.

But, alas for manners! the Elizabethans were almost as rude in the theatre as we are to-day. Scarcely is the prologue spoken and the play begun when all eyes and ears are drawn by the breezy arrival of a masked woman in gorgeous apparel. Elbowing her way to one of the choicer "rooms," she unceremoniously seats herself beside a middle-aged Italian in clerical garb, who seems none too flattered at being made thus conspicuous.

"Am I late? Has the play begun?" she demands breathlessly. "Swounds, I'd take my oath it was no more than two of the clock! How like you the play?"

But the annoyed chaplain to the Venetian ambassador frowns a feigned incomprehension and fixes his eyes on the stage, where the players are fretting with impatience at the interruption. The fair late-comer, however, unabashed, ignores the general demand for silence. Laughing gaily, she questions the clerical neighbor in several languages, and, when he will not reply, sets to honoring him with a display of the superb diamonds on her fingers, repeatedly taking off and putting on the three pairs of gloves she wears one over another.

The play progresses. During the entr'actes lute and viol strive vainly to be heard above the clatter of hundreds of tongues. The applause when it comes is hearty and vociferous; and disapproval is manifested in no uncertain cat-calls and booing. At the third-act climax a premature tragic ending threatens the piece when the lieutenant of infantry, having missed his lace 'kerchief, locates the pickpocket. In the midst of a terrific uproar the thief is dragged up onto the stage and roped to one of the pillars. There he stands, the helpless target for a hundred orange skins, while the players await the wane of interest in this unexpected sport.

However, when the drama is finally under way again, not only does the audience forget its victim, but the thief himself grows oblivious of his melancholy plight, in the contemplation of the climax unfolded in matchless poetry with superb elocution and magnificent if exaggerated acting.

What was Will Shakespeare's manner? How sounded his voice? What tricks of speech and gesture had he? How uttered he the lines of old Adam in Arden, or (*Continued on page 232*)

Painted by H. Ramberg, for John Boydell, 1791

Olivia's House. Malvolio's fellow servants play a [illegible] ke on the steward, leading him to believe that his [illegible] in love with him. Malvolio comes into Olivia's presence smiling fantastically as he puts out his yellow-stockinged, cr[illegible] gartered leg.

"TWELFTH NIGHT." ACT III. SCENE 4

MARIA.—*Why appear you [illegible] this ridiculous boldness before my lady?*
MALVOLIO. *Be not afra[illegible]d of greatness.—*
OLIVIA.—*What meanest thou by that, Mal[illegible]*
[illegible]

MALVOLIO.—*Some achieve greatness,*
OLIVIA.—*What say'st thou?*
MALVOLIO.—*And some have greatness thrust upon them.*
OLIVIA.—*Hea[illegible]en restore thee!*
MA[illegible]—*Remember, who [illegible]ommended thy*

Shakespeare and his Friends

By OTIS SKINNER

TO the actor the name of William Shakespeare holds a piquant suggestion in the speculation: What was the common stuff of the dramatist's mind? What were his tastes? What of the hours when he wasn't engaged in the task of immortalizing himself? Above all what was his intercourse with his friends and fellow players? Shakespeare must have found relaxation among them. Tender consideration of them appears in constant reference that the plays make to actors and their art. Surely, he loved them.

RICHARD BURBAGE

The most popular actor of Shakespeare's day and a close friend of the poet.

It is conceivable that, in the eyes of the players of London, he could have been none other than Will Shakespeare, player and playmaker. What nights of glorious company there must have been at the inns about Bankside and Blackfriars! What stories! What naughty tales! What good shop talk!

It may be urged that if we look for Shakespeare, the man, in the lines of his plays, we shall find him worshipping the pomp and circumstance of royalty, nobility and high estate, but, after all, did he not see through the pretenses of his own kings and grandees with as keen a vision as do Thackeray and Shaw? The Duke in "The Merchant of Venice" is an exalted being, ruler of a powerful state, a wise counsellor, a dealer in the justice of the law, but we can scarcely respect the wisdom of this magnifico who hadn't the wit to combat the simple logic of a humble and despised Jew, and who threatened to hide his inefficiency behind a dismissal of the whole case unless some one with a common education appeared who could interpret the law for him. This interpreter does appear in the person of a merry lady disguised as a man and decides the case for the Duke. Shakespeare met Shylock outside the ducal palace door and the pair had a hearty laugh over Venetian jurisprudence.

Elizabethan audiences demanded monarchs and grand folk quite as American audiences demand governors, presidents, cabinet ministers, generals, millionaires and captains of industry. Shakespeare met the demand of his time, just as Arthur Pinero, Augustus Thomas, Edward Sheldon and others are meeting that of to-day.

When the poet wished to protect the puppet King of Denmark from the assault of Laertes he announced that

"Such divinity doth hedge a King
That treason can but peep to what it would."

Perfunctory flattery of Kings! How different his expression of the tenderness and pathos of life when Macbeth likens it to

"a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more."

Shakespeare breathes the spirit of comradeship and sympathy. How many actors the poet must have seen to strut and fret and disappear! Good fellows, capital actors, keen wits, their names were writ in water and were forgotten, together with their tinsel crowns.

In the bombastic prophecy of Archbishop Cranmer over the baby Princess Elizabeth in "Henry VIII," the diplomatic play producer plays to the gallery, but of what commercial use was his speech about the players in "Hamlet"? It was sheer love and understanding of his fellows that caused him to say: *"See the players well bestowed. Do you hear? Let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live."* First-hand evidence this, of Shakespeare's good opinion of actors.

One can perhaps find a suggestion of his early years of hardship and struggle for livelihood in London in the command of the Lord in "The Shrew," that the actors receive proper food:

"Take them to the buttery,
Give them friendly welcome every one;
Let them want nothing that my house affords."

No doubt Shakespeare had often felt the pangs of hunger in his dark days.

A note of admiration for the dignity of the player's calling is struck when Brutus advises the conspirators to emulate the manner of actors:

"Bear it as our Roman actors do, with
untired spirits!"

Though Shakespeare, through his sympathy with his fellow workmen, makes constant reference to their virtues, he was not blind to their faults. He must frequently have been provoked by bad acting, miscast plays, and the ruin of a well conceived scene. It is a very modern cry of annoyance that rings through Hamlet's:

"Oh, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan nor man have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well."

From the painting by John Faed, R. S. A.

Sylvester Seldon Beaumont Bacon Daniel Doone Sir Walter Raleigh Earl of Southampton
Camden Earl of Dorset Fletcher Ben Jonson Shakespeare Sir Robert Cotton Dekker

SHAKESPEARE SURROUNDED BY HIS LITERARY ASSOCIATES, THE MOST BRILLIANT MINDS OF ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

Painted by R. Smirke, R. A., for John Boydell, 1794.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." ACT II. SCENE 1.

A hall in Angelo's House. Escalus, a justice, Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, etc. Angelo tries cases of marital irregularities in the absence of the duke.

ELBOW: *O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer:—prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.*

That might have been the angry exclamation of a stage director of to-day, or written for a New York morning paper by a dramatic critic after a painful night at a new play. One can picture Shakespeare at rehearsal when inefficient and stupid actors, impervious to his stage direction, failed to grasp the meaning of scenes and situations. Fancy the disgust that prompted his:

"O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings."

And what mugging, vulgar comedians were they whose coarse and untimely antics gave rise to his entreaty that:

"those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh, too."

Perhaps these flashes of temper showed the Celt in him. Both John Morley and Matthew Arnold have said that England never would have produced a Shakespeare had it not been for its strain of Celtic blood.

It is gratifying to the actor to know that this master singer of the world was of his own craft. Like Washington Irving's sexton who had looked into the poet's grave and had won Irving's envy because he had looked on Shakespeare's dust, the actor may lift little corners here and there among the lines and peep, if he will, into the mind of Shakespeare.

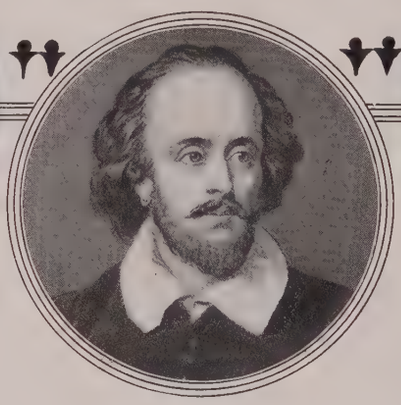
What did Shakespeare really look like?

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

Stratford portrait

Janssen portrait

Hilliard miniature



THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT

This, the most popular and interesting of all the portraits, is believed to have been painted from fanciful descriptions of the poet some years after his death.

Burn portrait

Ashborne portrait

Ely portrait

ALL the portraits of Shakespeare bear a certain uniformity of outline, although they depart surprisingly from the only sources which scholars have now determined to be authentic.

In Stratford Church there is a bust of a fat-looking, dapper little Mynheer, which has had more literature written about it, and more measurements taken of it, from the tips of its spruce little moustache to the sharp drip of its pointed beard, than its bald pate and side tufts of hair warrant. This bust was carved before the Folio edition of the plays was issued. It is supposed that after Shakespeare retired from active life, he put on flesh, almost like his Falstaff, so fond did he become of his pot of ale, and that in this condition, some ill-inspired tombmakers in after years—Shakespeare dying in 1616—perpetuated his smug condition in stone. It suggests beer and skittles much more than the fancy of poetry. Certainly, when Sir William Dugdale visited Stratford, and executed a sketch of it, he reduced the weight somewhat, hollowed the cheeks, and drooped the moustache, making Shakespeare hug a pillow that looks more like a sack of meal. Evidently, the bust was then colored to accord with the complexion of the bard, whose eyes, declares Boaden, were light hazel, and whose hair and beard were auburn. The fat burgomaster, that this bust represented him to be, was clad in scarlet, over which was thrown a black gown. In 1793, the bust was thoroughly whitewashed, through the efforts of Malone, the scholar.

This, then, is exhibit No. 1, a piece of work for which Shakespeare did not actually sit, but which was based, so they say, on first-hand description of neighbors and acquaintances. The next effigy is known as the Droeshout portrait, appearing on the title page of the 1623 Folio. It is really an engraving, done by one Martin Droeshout, of Flemish descent. It has been copied so often, and touches of so numerous a character have been added, that it is difficult sometimes to recognize it. But no changes whatever can take away from the almost simple, and certainly untidy appearance of the country lout, with his bristly, fly-away moustache, with the sprout under his lower lip, and his unshaven cheeks. His hair lies upon his thinning pate like flax upon a distaff, and the only thing courtly about him is the bestarched ruff he wears. The eyes are slanting and sleepy, the head is gourd-like and lacking in character.

From what impossible original was this engraving made? The Memorial Picture Gallery at Stratford owns a picture, which is known as the Flower Portrait, and about which all sorts of arguments have been lodged by connoisseurs. The fact is that it is not a canvas, but a panel, and it had served its purpose previously for the portrait of a lady, whose colors glow beneath the Shakespeare face like a promise of sunset.

MASK, taken from the Stratford Bust (in the possession of Princeton University)

The Birthplace Trustees of Stratford have in their possession what is known as the Ely House Portrait about which Mr. John Corbin has written a full brochure, piling evidence upon evidence in his belief that this is the famed "Droeshout original." It was found in the shop of a poor broker, and after it was cleaned up, the date, 1603, was detected upon it. Though there is much more intelligence about it, though it is better painted than the Memorial panel, many authorities do not believe that it has sufficient pedigree to warrant its claims.

The Chandos picture, in the National Portrait Gallery, is justly the most interesting likeness of Shakespeare. Not only is the general tone of the picture Italian, but the fact that the bard is made to wear ear-rings heightens the impression. It is supposed to have been painted for one Taylor, a professional actor, and some go so far as to add that Burbage is the artist, he who was the first to play "Hamlet" and "Lear." Sir William D'Avenant, called by many the godson of Shakespeare, once owned this portrait. It then became the property of Betterton, and after his death was sold by Mrs. Barry, the actress, for some forty guineas. There were many passings through hands before it reached the Earl of Chandos, and thereafter until it became the property of the nation.

After these, which are the basis for our authentic likeness of Shakespeare, the evidence ceases, even though we have to consider the possibilities of a death mask, such as the one unearthed in 1849. Here again the case is only supposititious, and if it were the original, why did not the poor tombstone cutters, who are responsible for the pudgy bust, turn to it for suggestion? According to Sir Sidney Lee, this "discovery" still remains in Darmstadt, where it was taken after its unearthing in a Mainz rag-shop.

The other portraits extant are all fancy's children. I know of no more agreeable task, were I an artist, than, with the slim sources here outlined, to go on, to conceive the ideal Shakespeare. I wouldn't put a Van Dyke collar on him; I wouldn't make him fat in the cheeks, with a quizzical smile; I wouldn't give him a pinched nose and a mangy beard. There are some of the features in the list of portraits recorded by zealous Shakespeareana hunters, that reveal Shakespeare as born of any clime but that of England. They remind me of the Japanese portrait of Washington, which shows the Father of Our Country as most assuredly born under the star of Tokyo. Range the Clarendon, the Janssen, the Felton, the Zoust, the Lumley, the Ashborne portraits, (*Continued on page 232*)

Painted by R. Smirke, R. A., for John Boydell, 1794

"AS YOU LIKE IT." ACT II. SCENE 7

THE SEVEN AGES
Fifth Age

JAQUES: *——and then, the justice,*
In fair, round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.

Shakespeare's Gloves

By HORACE HOWARD FURNESS Jr.

THE first actual mention of the Shakespeare gloves is found in a letter from John Ward to David Garrick, and is as follows:

"LEOMINSTER, May 31, 1769.

"DEAR SIR:

"On reading the newspapers, I find you are preparing a grand jubilee to be kept at Stratford-upon-Avon to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare. I have sent you a pair of gloves which have often covered his hands; they were made me a present by a descendant of the family, when myself and company went over there from Warwick, in the year 1746, to perform the play of 'Othello,' as a benefit, for repairing his monument in the great church, which we did gratis, the whole of the receipts being expended on that alone.

"The person who gave them to me, William Shakespeare by name, assured me his father had often declared to him, they were the identical gloves of our great poet; and when he delivered them to me, said: 'Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relation; my father possessed, and sold the estate he left behind him, and these are all the recompense I can make you for this night's performance.'

"The donor was a glazier by trade, very old, and to the best of my memory, lived in the street leading from the Town Hall down to the river. On my coming to play in Stratford three years later he was dead. The father of him and our poet were brother's children.

"The veneration I bear to the memory of our great author and player, makes me wish to have these relics preserved to his immortal memory; and I am led to think I cannot deposit them, for that purpose, in the hands of any person so proper as our modern Roscius.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN WARD.

"MR. DAVID GARRICK."

These gloves were actually worn by William Shakespeare. Given by a descendant of the Shakespeare family to an admirer of David Garrick who in turn, presented them to the actor, they are the closest personal relic of the world's greatest dramatist in existence.

There are one or two points worth noting in the foregoing. In the first place John Ward, the writer, was the head of a band of strolling players, his daughter Sally was a prominent member of the company, and some six or seven years after the date of this benefit performance at Stratford she married Roger Kemble—also a member of the company—their children were John Philip Kemble, Sarah, later Mrs. Siddons, and Charles; there were other children but they none of them became as famous as these three.

As regards the donor of the gloves to Ward, there seems some slight confusion either through Ward's misunderstanding the account of his relationship to William Shakespeare or in the mind of the old man himself. Later historians of the Shakespeare family have shown that his name was Shakespeare Hart, and that he was the great grandson of Joan Shakespeare, William's younger sister; he was born in 1666 and, therefore in 1746 he was upwards of eighty years old. He died in 1747. Ward never for a moment doubted the authenticity of the gloves as is shown by the positive statement contained in his letter. Garrick received them in the same reverent spirit, and on his death bequeathed them to his widow, who, dying in 1822, made the following bequest:

"I give to Mrs. Siddons a pair of gloves which were Shakespeare's, and were presented by one of his family to my late dear husband during the Jubilee at Stratford-on-Avon."

(Mrs. Garrick did not recollect that the gloves were the gift of John Ward.)

Mrs. Siddons bequeathed the gloves to her daughter, Cecilia, Mrs. George Combe, who gave them to Mrs. Kemble; by Mrs. Kemble they were presented in 1874, to Dr. Horace Howard Furness in token of the great pleasure it had given her to see his name as editor of the New Variorum Shakespeare, and by him they were bequeathed to the present owner. Such is the history of the Shakespeare gloves—next to the autographs, the most valuable personal relics of Shakespeare now in existence, and now, if possible, made more interesting through the hands which have reverently held them, and as reverently handed them down.

William Shakespeare-Gentleman

By C. S. MATE

THE usually prevalent idea that the poet is an unpractical temperamental person with an "eye in fine frenzy rolling" is dispelled by every fact of Shakespeare's known biography. The young villager who went up to London in the eighties to make his fortune returned to Stratford-on-Avon in 1596, paid his unfortunate father's debts, began to drag into court the people who owed him money, and thus began that upward career which made of him a highly respected land owner. English to the core, he went so far as to purchase a label to his position. Like many later successful men, he wanted to see on his belongings a coat of arms. And he secured the insignia—finally.

In 1596 William Shakespeare made his first application to the College of Heralds—but not for himself. That would have been too clearly a mark of the newly rich—he requested the bearings for his father, John. Thus the arms to mark the actor's gentility would have been inherited, not bought.

The Shakespeares made out a good case for themselves. They pretended that twenty years before, the father had petitioned for the armorial bearings by virtue of having been a bailiff in Stratford. The officials were exceedingly complacent, made the design, and allowed the grant. Then something interfered, and the whole attempt failed. Perhaps the recent notorious bankruptcy of the elder Shakespeare made the officials pause; perhaps the profession of the son, who though wealthy, was merely a play-actor, and as such legally only one remove from a vagrant and lawless fellow, spoiled their "vaulting ambition."

At any rate, no coat of arms was granted them.

The next three years made many changes. The Shakespeares grew in worldly prosperity, the family was living in New Place, the finest property in town. Moreover two acquaintances, if not friends, of the dramatist now held positions among the Heralds—the historian Camden, and the Earl of Essex. The negotiation was now higher handed. No longer did the applicants petition for a grant; they declared that the grant had already been made at the first instance, and now they merely requested a confirmation of it. Their presumption went still further. William's mother was an Arden. So the son wanted to combine with his the arms of the aristocratic Warwickshire Ardens. At this the authorities shied. This family was too close at hand, too influential to be linked with an actor, so they substituted the Ardens of Cheshire, too far in the West to make serious objection or trouble. This meant so little that the family never used the privilege.

SHAKESPEARE'S COAT OF ARMS

When Shakespeare returned to his native town he made application to the College of Heralds for a coat of arms, which request was finally granted on the ground of services that his ancestors had rendered Henry VII.

The Heralds had complied so far as they dared, and William Shakespeare possessed all the material badges of respectable rank. The flit-by-night had become the gentleman. And this is why nearly every edition of the plays bears upon its covers the familiar decoration.

"Gold, on a bend sable, a spear of the first, and for his crest of cognizance a falcon, his wings displayed argent, standing on a wreath of his colors, supporting a spear gold, steeled as aforesaid." All of which means in plain English: A golden shield with a diagonal black band bearing a golden spear. Above, standing on a black and gold band, a silver falcon, wings outspread, holding erect a golden spear with silver tip.

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, R. A. for John Boydell, 1794.

"MACBETH." ACT IV. SCENE 1.

A dark cave. In the middle a cauldron boiling. Three witches, Macbeth, Hecate, etc. Eight kings appear and pass over the stage in order; the last with a glass in his hand, Banquo following.

MACBETH: *Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!*
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls;—And thy hair,
Thou other-gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more.
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass—

An Appeal for Shakespearean Prompt Books

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

DURING this tercentenary year there will appear a heterogeny of Shakespearean studies, in which there will be incessant eulogy of Shakespeare's genius in all of its manifold aspects—or at least in all but one of these aspects. If we may guess at the future from observation of the past, we are likely to find very few of these Shakespearean studies dealing specifically with Shakespeare as a man who wrote plays, with parts specially fitted to the actors of the company of which he was one of the managers. Even if Shakespeare was the greatest of poets, he was also a playwright whose pieces were so popular in his own time that unscrupulous publishers were tempted to put his name to more than one play of which he had not written a line.

Shakespeare composed all his comedies and tragedies to be acted, and they were acted successfully. They have continued to be acted successfully for three centuries, although the conditions of performance are to-day quite different from the conditions to which they were originally adjusted. The platform-stage of the Tudor playhouse developed into the apron-stage of the Restoration theatre, and in the second half of the nineteenth century this apron-stage developed into the picture-frame stage with which alone we are now familiar. The plays written by Shakespeare for the platform-stage of the sixteenth century had to be cut and transposed to suit the apron-stage of the eighteenth century; and they have now to be cut and transposed again to suit the picture-frame stage of the twentieth century. It is quite possible that they will have to be modified once more before the end of this century to meet conditions which we cannot now anticipate.

If we needed evidence of the persistent power of Shakespeare as a playwright we could find it in the survival of his comedies and tragedies in spite of the mauling and the mangling necessary to fit them to theatrical conditions wholly unlike those for which they were originally composed—conditions which Shakespeare, with all his imagination, could not possibly foresee.

Those of us who are interested in Shakespeare as a practical playwright would find both pleasure and profit in a comparison of the acting editions of "Hamlet" as it was acted in turn by Burbage and by Betterton, by Garrick and by Kemble, by Macready and by Forrest, by Edwin Booth and by Henry Irving. Unfortunately this profitable pleasure is not possible, simply because these acting editions are rarely available. By great good luck the collection of prompt-books made by the late George Becks was bequeathed to the New York Public Library. It is probably the largest collection in the world, and the library is desirous of extending it and of keeping it up-to-date. Judge Daly has expressed his intention of presenting the complete prompt-books of all the Shakespearean productions made by Augustin Daly. And it is greatly to be hoped that those who happen to be in the possession of the prompt-books of Edwin Forrest, Lawrence Barrett, Mary Anderson, Modjeska and Fanny Davenport may be willing to turn them over to the New York Library, where they will be piously preserved for the use of future generations, as curious about our methods of to-day as we are about the methods of yesterday.

It would be an excellent thing if a tradition could be established that the prompt-book of every important revival of a Shakespearean play should be presented to the library as a matter of course. Prompt-books are made for the special purpose of the revival, and when the plays have run their course on the stage and when the scenery is sent to the storehouse, the prompt-books cease to be useful. They are likely to be neglected, to be lost, to be thrown away. They ought to be preserved for the benefit of later producers and for the use of students of stage-history.

Therefore I make this appeal to all those who have in their possession any Shakespearean prompt-books. Send them to the New York Public Library, to be kept for consultation. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe are about to give up acting, and the library would be glad to welcome the prompt-books of all their Shakespearean productions, as it would also be glad to receive those of Miss Anglin, Miss Crosman, Mr. Crane, Mr. Hackett and Miss Allen. Mr. William Seymour must have an unequalled series of prompt-books.

The Shakespearean actors of the present are indebted to the Shakespearean actors of the past for a host of theatrical effects, and they can pay off a part of this debt by taking care that their own contributions to the stage-presentation of Shakespeare's plays are properly preserved for the advantage of the actors of the future.

Shakespeare

His wardrobe is the world, and day and night
His many-mirror'd dressing room: At dawn
He apes the elvish faun,
Or, garbed in saffron hose and scarlet shoon,
Mimics the madcap sprite
Of ever-altering youth; at chime of noon
He wears the azure mail and blazoned casque
Of warring knighthood; till, at starry stroke
Of dark, all pale he dons his "inky cloak"
And meditates—the waning moon his tragic mask.

His theatre is the soul, and man and woman
His infinite repertory: Age on age,
Treading his fancy's stage,
Ephemeral shadows of his master mind,
We act our parts—the human
Players of scenes long since by him designed;
And stars, that blaze in tinsel on our boards,
Shine with a moment's immortality.
Because they are his understudies, free
For one aspiring hour to sound his magic chords.

For not with scholars and their brain-worn scripts,
Nor there behind the footlights' fading glow
Shakespeare survives: ah, no!
Deep in the passionate reality
Of raging life above the darkling crypts
Of death, he meditates the awed "to be
Or not to be" of millions, yet to whom
His name is nothing; there, on countless quests,
Unlettered Touchstones quibble with his jests,
Unlaurelled Hamlets yearn, and anguished Lears uploom.

Leave, then, to Avon's spire and silver stream
Their memory of ashes sung and sighed:
Our Shakespeare never died,
Nor ever was born, save as the god is born
From every soul that dares to doubt and dream.
He dreams—but is not mortal: eve and morn,
Dirge and delight, float from his brow like prayer.
Beside him, charmed Apollo lifts his lyre;
Below, the heart of man smoulders in fire;
Between the two he stands, timeless—the poet-player.

Percy Mackaye

Painted by R. Smirke, R. A., for John Boydell, 1794.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING." ACT IV. SCENE 2.

A prison. Dogberry, Verges, and Sexton in gowns; and the Watch, with Conrade and Borachio. Dogberry is denouncing Borachio for compromising the lady Hero

Sexton. What else, fellow?
First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.
Dogberry. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Photo Gilbert and Bacon.

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON AS HAMLET

WE of the English-speaking world may well be proud of our Shakespeare, the greatest figure in the history of literature. His influence grows stronger as we are further removed from his time, and his power is felt throughout the nations. Keener interest in his work is shown than ever before. He has more readers, and there are more productions of his plays than in the past. There will always be an audience for Shakespeare adequately presented. I look forward to the time when both in Great Britain and America there will be municipal theatres which will foster productions of Shakespeare's plays, for the educational influence of the higher drama is at last being realized by the people.

J. Forbes-Robertson.

E. L. Davenport

Henry Irving

Edwin Booth

Charles Kean

Fechter

Chas. M. Young

Edmund Kean

My Hundred Hamlets

By George C. Warren

C. W. Couldock

Macready

Edwin Forrest

John Philip Kemble

FOR fifteen years I have been collecting portraits of the various interpreters of Hamlet. It has meant tireless research. Print shops in New York, London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin have been ransacked. But it has been a labor of love, and each new addition to the collection has given me keen pleasure.

The portraits, nearly a hundred in number, are all framed and assembled in a special Hamlet room in my residence in Chicago. They begin with Thomas Betterton, in the curled wig of the days of Charles II. He occupies a central position on the walls on which are also portraits of the Booths, father and son, Irving, Forbes-Robertson, Rossi, Garrick, Talma, Edmund Kean and other less renowned impersonators of the melancholy Dane. At the apex of this pyramid of portraits is set that of Edwin Booth, perhaps the most beloved representative of Shakespeare's philosophical madman. Near Edwin is his classic-faced father, Junius Brutus Booth, who made a profound impression on the American stage in its early days. The portrait of Junius Brutus is, I think, the most beautiful of all the collection—a head perfect in feature and showing him dressed in black with a lace collar that surrounds the beautiful throat which supported his classic head. Edwin Adams, one of the most popular American players of his day, is represented in the "To be or not to be" soliloquy. Another photograph is that of Otis Skinner—a most human Hamlet. Robert Mantell has his head in profile with Danish cap and eagle feather, the picture conveying little except that it is in character. This criticism also applies to Alexander Salvini's melodramatic Hamlet.

The portrait of Henry Irving presents him at an early period of his career when his performance of Hamlet, even then, ranked him as the greatest English tragedian. It was this picture showing the actor standing in a peculiar position, that gave weight to the report that he had a wooden leg. Irving chose for this picture the book incident, his eager face and slim contour indicating his youth and enthusiasm.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson—to-day the best impersonator of the character we have—is represented in a thoughtful attitude suggesting the great soliloquy.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, whose Hamlet made only a small impression on his first appearance in the rôle, is shown in the scene with the skull.

A sharp-nosed, sharp-eyed contemporary portrait of Edmund Kean reading the book, and perhaps flinging the sarcastic "words, words, words" at Polonius, looks out from a contemporary copperplate, reminding you that Kean's Hamlet was not one of his greatest rôles.

An 1832 lithograph of Charles Kean, his son, shows him as a youth, (*Continued on page 236*)

David Garrick

Sarony Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree

An Unique Copy of "Macbeth"

By CHARLES RANN KENNEDY

THE book I have in mind is a little old terra cotta colored volume in the Clarendon Press series edited for schools. It is battered, it is soiled, it is frayed at the edges. The signs of the pocket are upon it. But from end to end, the title rôle is underscored and scribbled across with illuminating commentary; whilst fly-leaf and cover alike bear in characteristic signature, the magic name of Henry Irving. This is its uniqueness. In a word, it is the actual volume from which Sir Henry Irving studied the part of Macbeth. Not the prompt-book. His "part"—with all his ruminations thereupon. His very mind in working. Irving's own book! Now miraculously mine.

SIR HENRY IRVING

Let me hasten to add that I came by it quite honestly. It was given me by Henry Miller, who received it from his father-in-law, Robert Stoepel. Stoepel, I understand, was leader of the Lyceum Orchestra under Irving's management, and wrote the incidental music for the "Macbeth" production. Apparently the book was handed to him for the purpose of marking music cues; for there are blue and red pencil evidences of him everywhere. So much for credentials.

Irving's marks are confined almost exclusively to the actual Macbeth scenes. The only exceptions consist in a rather spirited sketch of three pavilions and a couple of men fighting; the pregnant observation at the beginning of the play, "Macbeth goes with his *fancy:* Lady M. takes all to *heart*"; and the very careful transcription on a blank page of the whole of the "if it were done" speech. It is significant, taking into account Irving's scrupulous punctuation, that he takes the much-disputed first two lines thus:

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly, if the assassination, etc..."

with the fullstop after "well" and a comma after "quickly." Also—God forgive him!—he reads the last line, "And falls on the other *side.*"

His marks in the body of the text may be divided like Gaul into three parts. (1) Observations relating to stage "business"; (2) Notes on interpretation and treatment; (3) Diacritical signs and underlinings, giving Irving's actual readings of the part from beginning to end.

With the first of these I must be brief. In every case the business is made contributory to the significance. There are no mere stage tricks. The points made are always pertinent, always illuminative, often profoundly psychological. I take at random a single illustration. The "cry of women within," announcing the death of Lady Macbeth is immediately followed by Macbeth's enquiry, "What is that noise?" Irving precedes it by the stage direction: "Starts, pauses, *then* says." And one can see the old man doing it!

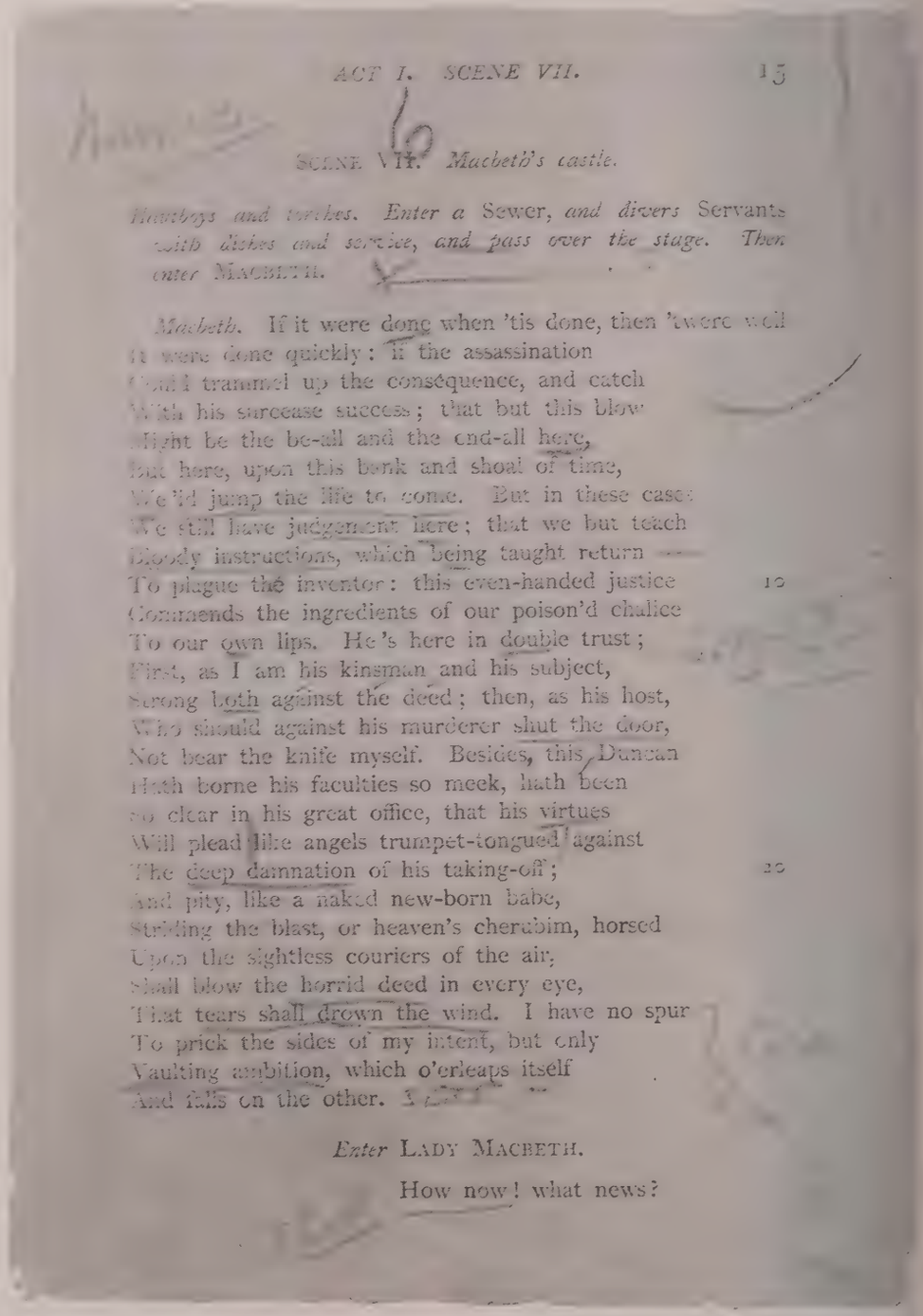
The notes on interpretation and treatment are numerous. I select the following. After the Third Witch's hail, "That shalt be king hereafter!" Irving writes, "From this moment he is an altered man!" and the word "king" is strongly underlined. "Burning in desire" is the indicated treatment of the "Stay you imperfect speakers" speech a moment later; whilst "Wonder!" is the key-word following the disappearance of the witches. These key-words are a favorite device of Irving's. "Ambition!" he heads Act Two; Act Three, "Sleepless! Security!"; and "Very black all this!" above the scene with the two murderers.

The famous "dagger" speech is taken in three rhythms, the first ending upon the words, "Thus to mine eyes" with the instruction "Sighs." From that point to the sounding of the bell is treated "Dreamily." After the bell, ringing "two," the direction is "He awakes." After the murder, the guilty pair are warned "Don't look at each other!" their subsequent attitudes being indicated by the words "*He,* lost: *she* firm!" "Vacant!" and again later, "Vacant!" is Macbeth's behavior upon the entrance of Macduff and Lennox. "Increasing irritability!" "Tearing it off!" are the comments upon the armour business with Seyton in the last act.

Irving's diacritical marks and underlinings are the most fascinating study in the book. Practically they give his entire conception of the part. So far as I can decipher them, they are varied for the following uses: (a) Simple emphases of particular words; (b) For throwing up values in psychology, characterization or story; (c) For convenience of breathing and analysis of sub-rhythms in florid passages; (d) For special treatment in certain cadences where staccato marks are placed over the words; and (e) For the separation of grammatically connected words for dramatic purposes, as in the line, "Besides, this—Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek," where the impatient hesitation before the word "Duncan" is a definite revelation of Macbeth's state of mind towards the king.

I am convinced that my analysis is correct for it is supported consistently throughout the book, it is nowhere contradicted, and it renders a very real Irving as the result.

In the short space at my disposal, the above is all I can now say about this precious treasure in my possession. Perhaps, however, the accompanying facsimile page may give some idea of its interest, and an enlightening glimpse into the mind of the Grand Old Man of the English stage, who "being dead, yet speaketh" in these pencil scribbles.



ACT I. SCENE VII. 15

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macbeth. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgement here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Page of the actual volume from which the late Henry Irving studied the part of Macbeth, showing with diacritical signs and underlinings the actor's readings of the rôle.

THE PARAPET SCENE, ACT II, SCENE I, IN "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA," DESIGNED BY LIVINGSTON PLATT FOR MISS ANGLIN'S PRODUCTION OF THE PLAY

Decorating Shakespeare

By LIVINGSTON PLATT

TO my mind there is one aim above all others to strive for in the treatment of stage decoration for Shakespeare's plays and that is a constant striving for beauty.

It makes little difference how beauty be achieved so it is beauty. It may be done with a wisp of cloth or a marble balcony, a blazing yellow sea or a lavender pillow. Or perhaps all four. Much of the new art, so-called, in some cases nieuw, in others nouveau, neue, or even noo, is not really new at all but a half-baked impression gained from going to some foreign theatre and spending all of two days, which the latitude of a Cook's ticket allows, in viewing mistaken productions which are usually taken off before the student can get to the next town. I believe greatly in the value of suggestion, and whenever possible reducing the investiture to its irreducible minimum. A church scene more often carries conviction, when proper lighting displays a single column of Gothic or other design against a background of grey. In the "Comedy of Errors" I had only a cyclorama lit with hot yellow, a single sail showing above a low wall of yellow. On the stage Shakespeare spoke of the sea. It was unnecessary to paint one.

In "Antony and Cleopatra" Miss Anglin and I decided not to have an actual barge anywhere in the play. It seemed that Shakespeare had done more than we could in Enobarbus' description of it.

I am a firm believer in the forestage, when properly adapted to the smooth running of scenes and quick changes. In my later Shakespearean productions I have utilized tapestries, in order to have the action uninterrupted. Thus the guests at the wedding in the "Taming of the Shrew" pass in noisy and excited procession before a tapestry representing a hallway, while, behind, the stage is being set for the interior of Baptista's house. On some occasions last year where the theatre was large and—that most important of all things—there was a competent crew of stage mechanics, we made changes from one scene to another without interrupting the action of the play in as short time as twenty seconds. In "Antony and Cleopatra" with its ramparts, its gardens and palaces, by means of utilizing the forestage and constructing the huge Egyptian sets of units, each interchangeable, we never had a wait of more than five minutes between acts.

There should, then, be simplicity and beauty and unity. The costumes should be in accord with the scheme of the setting and a thousand times should they be in accord with the mood of the play. It is not enough that "Much Ado About Nothing" be costumed in the correct period, it should also be costumed to suggest the spirit and, dare I say it, the psychology (oh, abused word!) of the characters. Shakespeare wrote in no one mood or in one strain. Each play has its own spiritual environment and the decorator should not stray. Flaming orange for Katharine buckram and brown and swaggering leather for Toby, silver and black for Olivia are all motifs not dogma and not to be rashly scorned. Innovation is "interesting" no doubt, but is it art? After all, art is too old and fundamental a form of expression or appreciation to be ruthlessly tampered with.

Of lighting so much has been written that I can hardly add to it save to remark that much of what is written on this subject is also borrowed from foreign theatres which can, of course, suggest innovations and perhaps rouse activity in the direction of new ideas, but with our theatres where so rarely we have permanency, one must adapt the lighting to the theatre. The same lighting for a stage thirty feet wide

will not do for a stage forty feet wide and so on.

In Shakespeare I try more than ever before to light the focal points of the act whether that point be the actor playing Macbeth or the table in the kitchen of "Twelfth Night." One advantage of the forestage in lighting is the ability to use a minimum amount of footlights without which I have never been able to do, save in the Greek Theatre, where Miss Anglin and I installed a system of lighting employing 280,000 watts capacity and did away with the footlights entirely and we think successfully, as at the dress rehearsal many people skilled in the arts of the theatre failed entirely to realized that any change had been made and merely remarked on the extraordinarily effective way in which we used the footlights.

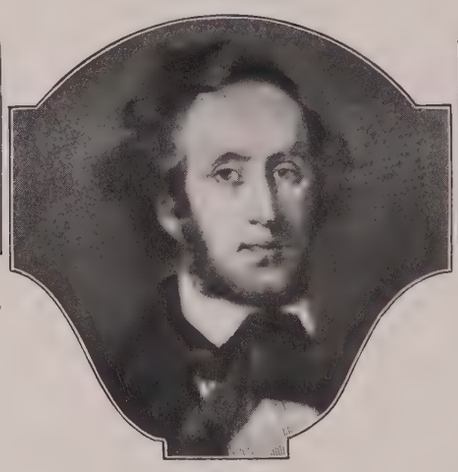
In the final analysis and as a final word I can only repeat what I began with, I can not give rules nor can anyone, there is one aim, and that is beauty.

Composers whom Shakespeare Inspired

By MORRIS J. PAUL

AMBROISE THOMAS
"Hamlet"

GOUNOD
"Romeo and Juliet"



MENDELSSOHN
"A Midsummer Night's Dream"

VERDI
"Othello"

SAINT-SAENS
"Henry VIII"

WHILE the theatres of this country will pay tribute to the world's greatest dramatist his memory is also being honored in music, for at the Metropolitan Opera House we have a sumptuous production of a famous musical setting of "The Taming of the Shrew," by Hermann Goetz, which was first produced at Mannheim, Germany, October 11, 1874. It is given at the Metropolitan under its German title, "Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung. The work is not a novelty in this country, having been produced in 1886 by the American Opera Company, in English, when it had five performances. Its success in Germany was immediate and decisive and the fame of the opera brought Goetz's other works into prominence.

There is no better argument for the universal appeal of the writings of William Shakespeare than is to be found in the inspirational influence which they have exerted upon the composers of continental Europe. Many lawyers have tried to prove that Shakespeare was a lawyer, and physicians have contended that he must have been a physician. But musicians, while they admit that to judge from his many references to singing he must have been an amateur singer, are content to limit their particular claims to his influence upon the members of their profession.

Many English composers have set his words to music but the greatest compositions based upon his works have come from Germany, France, Italy and Russia. Not to any one age has this influence been confined, but from the days of Purcell until the present time his poetical writings have been given musical settings. One of the favorite occupations of composers in half a dozen countries has been that of writing overtures to his plays. Many operas have been written to librettos based on his dramas. Songs, symphonic poems, choruses and orchestral suites have been inspired by his poetry, and some of them have had a world-wide appeal.

The comedies of Shakespeare seem to have caught hold of musicians more than the tragedies, and to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" a larger quantity of music owes its origin than to any one other of his works. No wedding to-day is complete without Mendelssohn's *"Wedding March,"* which is part of a suite of twelve incidental numbers written for "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Few existing compositions have been played so often. The overture in the same suite was written when Mendelssohn was only seventeen years old and together with the nocturne and scherzo it has been played at numberless concerts.

Next to the *"Wedding March"* in popularity among Shakespearean compositions come two songs of Schubert, the king of song writers, *"Hark! Hark! the Lark,"* from "Cymbeline"; and *"Who Is Sylvia,"* from "Two Gentlemen of Verona." The former was written on the back of a bill of fare in one of the garden-restaurants of Vienna. Schubert, out for a walk with some friends, had stopped for breakfast. From a copy of a German translation of Shakespeare he had found the words and before he had finished eating his breakfast the song was completed. Schubert made one other Shakespearean setting, *"Come Thou Monarch of the Vine,"* from "Antony and Cleopatra."

Only one song of Schumann, *"When That I Was a Tiny Boy,"* from "Twelfth Night," and from the same play one song of Haydn, *"She Never Told Her Love,"* are set to Shakespearean words; but there have been thousands from the hands of lesser composers. *"Take, O Take Those Lips Away,"* from "Measure for Measure," and *"It Was a Lover and His Lass,"* from "As You Like It" have had numerous musical settings.

Dozens of operas have drawn their librettos from Shakespeare's plays, but only a few have ever become popular. Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" probably has had more presentations than any other. Verdi's last two operas, "Falstaff," from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Otello" are by musicians generally thought to be his greatest comedy and tragedy.

Rossini wrote a musical version of "Otello." Max Bruch wrote an opera from "A Winter's Tale" called "Hermione," and Berlioz used the story of "Much Ado About Nothing" for his "Beatrice and Benedick." "Hamlet" was set to music by Scarlatti, and a later version with music by Ambroise Thomas has been sung frequently in America, the last production having been made by the Chicago Opera Company to feature the sensational baritone, Titta Ruffo.

Saint-Säens has written one of his best operas around "Henry VIII." Even Richard Wagner used a Shakespearean text for one of his operas, an early effort based upon "Measure for Measure."

The influence of Shakespeare upon present-day composers has been orchestral rather than operatic, and instead of using the plays for librettos they have used them as the basis of programs for symphonic poems. However, it is not the living composers alone who have used Shakespeare for orchestral purposes. Tschaikowsky, greatest of Russian composers for orchestra, wrote a Phantasy on "The Tempest" and Phantasy overtures for "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." The French composer, Berlioz, seems to have had an unusual fondness for Shakespeare. One of the finest of all scherzos is "Queen Mab" from his "Romeo and Juliet" symphony. He also wrote an overture for "King Lear." Few compositions have had a greater popularity than Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" overture. Other overtures by well-known composers are Schumann's "Julius Cæsar"; Dvorak's "Otello," and MacDowell's "Hamlet." Liszt wrote a symphonic poem on "Hamlet."

Perhaps the most important work from the pen of a living composer based on Shakespeare is Richard Strauss' tone poem, "Macbeth." Engelbert Humperdinck, composer of "Hansel and Gretel," has written two Shakespeare suites. Vincent D'Indy has written an overture to "Antony and Cleopatra," and Felix Weingartner has made a symphonic work called "King Lear." Scheinflug's "Overture to a Comedy of Shakespeare" has been heard at several important symphonic concerts this season. William Shakespeare, a namesake of the poet, well known in London as a vocal teacher of the present day, has written a dramatic overture to "Hamlet," and one of the best symphonic poems of Sir Edward Elgar is "Falstaff," which is meant to be a sort of musical biography of Shakespeare's character of the same name.

In all but five of his plays Shakespeare has made references to music, and thirty-six out of his thirty-seven dramas contain stage directions regarding incidental music. So the influence of this great bard upon musicians has been greater than any other poet, his immortal lines having inspired the muse of famous musicians of several centuries.

FRANK R. BENSON AS HAMLET

A Preserver of the Shakespeare Tradition

By CLARENCE STRATTON

MR. BENSON AS HENRY V

THE first actual Shakespeare festival was instigated by David Garrick who, in 1769, organized and carried out at Stratford a peculiar hodge-podge of events which he characterized as a Jubilee. It corresponded with no date in the dramatist's life, and was in addition so ill-starred that one of the rivals of the little actor described it in part as "a jubilee to celebrate a poet whose own works have made him immortal, a masquerade where half the people appeared bare-faced, a horse-race up to the knees in water, fireworks extinguished as soon as they were lighted, a gingerbread amphitheatre, which, like a house of cards, tumbled to pieces as soon as it was completed." Not until 1820 was any such project revived. Then Charles Matthews, the remarkable mimic, urged upon the townspeople the erection of a theatre. No practical measures were taken, however, until 1874, when Charles E. Flower presented a site and money as the tangible beginning of the present semi-Elizabethan Memorial Theatre. The first performance upon its stage was in 1879 when Helen Faucit and Barry Sullivan appeared in "Much Ado."

In the minds of present-day Englishmen and Americans no name is so closely associated with the Memorial Theatre as that of Mr. Frank R. Benson. Through a peculiarly delightful series of circumstances he has become the preserver of the Shakespeare tradition in Great Britain. There have been seasons when he and his company have offered the only Shakespeare in the Kingdom, at times when even Germany was repeating the plays in repertory, this Stratford company alone was keeping on the stage the best form of Shakespeare's dramas—the acted version. While millions of people have professed to worship the poet's memory, this one man has kept it alive by declaiming to the Warwickshire yokel and the Australian ranch owner, to the Scandanavian critic and the Canadian frontiersman, to the German student and the American school teacher, the beautiful lines of passion and poetry. During some thirty years this seemingly slight man has carried on his work for a splendid ideal—the complete dissemination of the knowledge of Shakespeare.

Rather few mature people have ever read through all thirty-seven plays. (How many do you yourself know?) Yet the Benson Company itself has acted thirty-four of the thirty-seven. "All's Well" has not been given. (The reasons are obvious; if you know the play.) Nor has the bloody villainy of "Titus Andronicus" warranted any revival since its last appearance in 1857. A separate organization, The Elizabethan Stage Society, has supplied all the "Troilus and Cressida" wanted. As a result of this wide experience the Benson Company can do anything. It has produced modern romantic dramas. Inserting Marlowe's "Edward II" in its proper place it presented all the historical plays from "King John" to "Henry VIII." Mr. Benson told me that the actors became muscle bound from carrying about the hardware of warrior kings and the panoplies of gorgeous sovereigns.

Mr. Benson darts about the streets of Stratford and the lanes of Warwickshire on a bicycle. He wears no cap—for if he raised it in recognition of every salute he would take a hundred tumbles; and in the Theatre picture gallery his portrait shows him in Oxford racing trunks. As a youth he was an athlete, a sprinter, holding several school records. Even now, as Petruchio, he can leap tables in "The Shrew." At one time his company held championships in water-polo, hockey, and football. One afternoon, as he told me, his actors defeated a Rugby championship team, and that same evening played "Hamlet." The acting was a little "off-side."

College gave him his first dramatic chance. A performance of a play in Greek was entrusted to him, and he threw himself into the work with the enthusiasm and conscientiousness always characteristic of him. Incidentally he paid off old scores against some of the professors who had "ploughed him," as Oxford slang expresses it. The production was a tremendous success. London heard of it; the youthful Thespians stormed the metropolis, and with the novelty of this Greek tragedy restored to the stage, after a thousand years, the real excellence of the acting made impressions on even professional producers.

Henry Irving engaged Mr. Benson for the rôle of Paris in "Romeo and Juliet," an excellent start

(*Continued on page 236*)

SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE

Erected through the munificence of the late Mr. Charles E. Flower on the river bank at Stratford. The building consists of a theatre, picture gallery and library, and was thrown open to the public in 1879 with a performance of "Much Ado About Nothing." Each year since then festival performances of Shakespeare's plays have been given by Mr. F. R. Benson and his players. The Gower monument, the most elaborate and ambitious of all erected to the poet, is seen on the left.

Some Popular Players in Shakespearean Roles

White

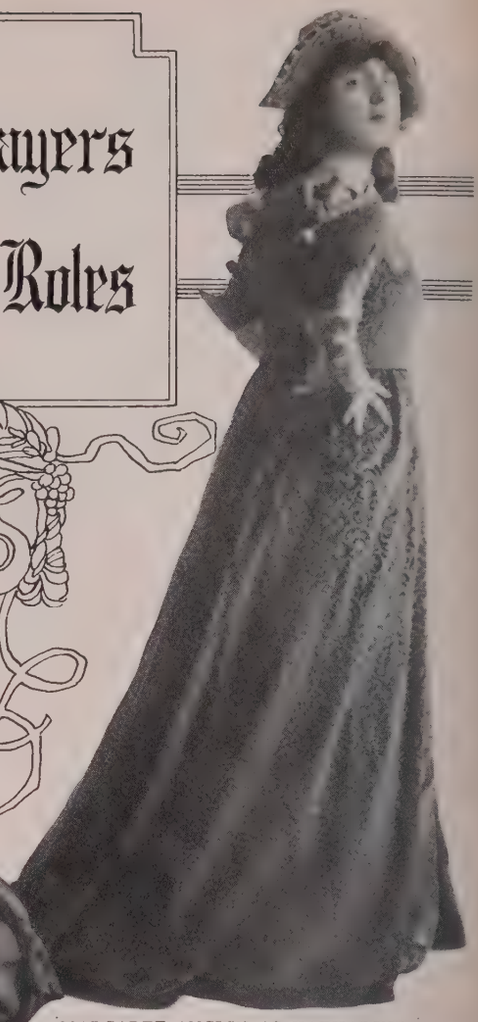
VIOLA ALLEN AS LADY MACBETH

AFTER a lapse of three hundred years Shakespeare still remains a dominant mental force, not only of the dramatic world, but of the whole intellectual world. His profound human philosophy and his magic craftsmanship control all avenues of thought, feeling and purpose with infinitely more power to-day than at the time of his death. Even through my modest connection with the plays of the Immortal Bard, I feel that I have benefited inestimably by the influence of his master mind.

Viola Allen

Hall

EDWARD H. SOTHERN
as Petruchio in
"The Taming of the Shrew"



MARGARET ANGLIN AS KATHARINE

Bangs

THE poverty of scenic equipment of Shakespeare's time, while perhaps a limitation to Shakespeare the producer, was a stimulus to Shakespeare the poet and makes an elaborate investiture of his plays unnecessary. A simplicity of background which his poetry colors before the imagination of the audience has been the aim of my efforts in this direction.

Margaret Anglin

Sarony

WM. FAVERSHAM
as Marc Antony
in "Julius Cæsar"

Otto Sarony

ROBERT MANTELL AS MACBETH

THE name Shakespeare has always been sacred to me. The plays, first read when I was a boy, appealed to me more than those of any other author, and when fate placed me upon the stage, Shakespeare was what I wanted most to play. In my long career I have acted many parts, but all have seemed as nothing compared with my Shakespearean rôles. An actor tires of other plays, but of Shakespeare never.

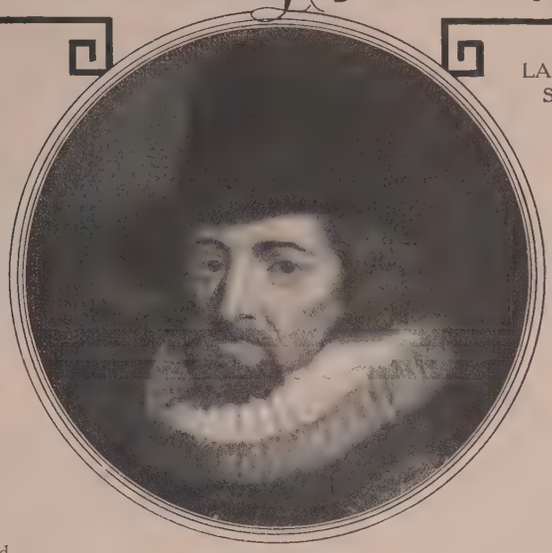
R. B. Mantell

The Enemies of Shakespeare

By LAWRENCE STREET

LEO TOLSTOY

906 the famous Russian phil-her published an elaborate ograph on Shakespeare in h he angrily denounced the English dramatist.



SIR FRANCIS BACON

A few decades ago the world was startled by the claim made by Miss Delia Bacon, a descendant of Sir Francis Bacon, that the plays were not written by the actor, William Shakespeare, but by her illustrious ancestor. The Baconian controversy has waged merrily ever since.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

This well-known literary iconoclast, with that perversity for which he is famous, long ago threw his hat into the ring of Shakespearean idolatry.

TO-DAY we are hearing a great deal in praise of Shakespeare. The bulk of literary criticism through the three centuries since his death has been written *con amore*. But it is well to ponder that there have been from generation to generation many persons of note who have scoffed at his claim to immortality. Voltaire was very hostile to the English bard, accusing him of "monstrous irregularities" and attacking vehemently his want of taste and art. Horace Walpole dismissed "A Midsummer Night's Dream" contemptuously as "forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian opera books." In our own day Tolstoy and George Bernard Shaw have both taken turns in hammering the gentle William.

Among Shakespeare's contemporaries he was not always loved; he was, for instance, openly attacked in print by Greene. For many decades and up to within recent date actors and others have not hesitated to desecrate the Shakespearean text. There are many scenes in Shakespeare's plays written by other dramatists, and in turn, Shakespeare himself contributed much to plays now accredited entirely to the authorship of others. That was the custom of the day.

It was not until the Restoration when the theatre, after having fallen into disfavor, was rehabilitated, that the fashion of re-writing Shakespeare came into vogue. The Restoration public had stereotyped ideas as to the play form and, inasmuch as Shakespeare did not accord with these ideas, he had to be pruned and altered so as to satisfy the Restoration theatre-going taste.

Sir William D'Avenant's relation to Shakespeare is a most interesting one to consider, and so is that of Dryden, both of whom, while admiring the Bard of Avon and while recognizing him as their source, wilfully went to work to pervert Shakespeare for their age. D'Avenant's "The Law Against Lovers" (1662) was a play which combined "Much Ado About Nothing" with "Measure for Measure." "Macbeth" was softened, thus repudiating the Elizabethan "ferocity." We find "The Tempest" with new characters introduced. James Howard, a Dryden contemporary, went so far as to deplore the fate of Juliet, and he gave to "Romeo and Juliet" a happy ending.

The Restoration people could not understand Shakespeare's admixture of comedy and tragedy and that prejudice lasted through several generations of players. For example, in D'Avenant's "Macbeth," the porter scene was omitted. Garrick thought it very unwise to give the gravedigger scene in "Hamlet," and therefore omitted that. In the Tate version of "King Lear," the fool was omitted entirely. Tate (1652-1715) was the poet-laureate and was a great friend of Dryden's, and they must have had special delight in seeing how far they could disguise Shakespeare for their public. But though there was a prejudice against the comic plot as shown by omissions made in versions from the pen of Sheffield, D'Avenant and Johnson, on the other hand the Restoration "remodelers" very often added humor to tragedy, as in Tate's version of "Richard III" and Dennis's "Coriolanus."

The Restoration critics considered passion an absolutely essential element in drama. When Tate came to rewrite "King Lear" (1682) he introduced a thrilling love affair between Edgar and Cordelia, and Sheffield wrote a love scene for "Julius Caesar." Granville also had a sporting time with "The Merchant of Venice," which he changed to "The Jew of Venice." This version Macklin repudiated.

Dryden, in his different prefaces, meanwhile, was scoring Shakespeare for his ungrammatical phrases and coarse style. It was a period of anti-Shakespeare feeling. Dennis declared that Shakespeare worked without art. Mrs. Inchbald avowed that she much preferred the "Comedy of Errors" as adapted by Hull to the play as written by Shakespeare. Garrick, not entirely satisfied with Tate, and being a man with literary ambitions, went to work and further embellished Shakespeare with additions which would afford him opportunity as an actor. Even the autocratic Dr. Johnson had many things to say in favor of the re-embellishment of the poet. Altogether, they had a gay old time with Shakespeare during the Restoration period.

Of all adapters, however, Colley Cibber (1671-1757) stands foremost. It is doubtful whether even to this day we have entirely escaped him on the stage. Whenever "Richard III" is presented, it is a question how much of it is Cibber and how much Shakespeare. Richard Mansfield presented the Cibber version. Booth, Irving, and other actors have not entirely depreciated him. Yet, from the time of Macready the mischief began to be undone, and the real stage restoration of Shakespeare began.

From *Punch*

Shakespeare completely eclipsed by the superior genius of Shaw.

William Winter, in his consideration of "Richard III," describes in full Cibber's alterations. For instance, in order to make his version a "satisfactory" stage play, he selected lines from other Shakespeare plays. Cibber's "Richard III" contains parts of "Henry IV," "Henry V," "Henry VI," and "Richard II." It is now definitely decided by Shakespearean scholars that the line, "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham," was never written by Shakespeare, but came from the inventive brain of Cibber.

To-day Shakespeare has to be altered to accord with the limitations of modern scenery. For that reason acts have to be materially altered in order to bring the action of the piece closer together, without any material variation in time or place. The late Augustin Daly might be considered a desecrator of Shakespeare. He used to make unusual cuts to suit his own stage requirements, and he would often thrust the lyrics of one play into another, because they were pretty. We find his innovations in "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "The Taming of the Shrew" particularly.

Now, all of these gentlemen give credit to Shakespeare for having written the plays which they set out to improve. But there is another type of enemy of Shakespeare—the man who declares that Shakespeare did not write his own plays at all, but that behind his nomenclature there lurks either Sir Francis Bacon or Sir Walter Raleigh. Henry Pemberton, Jr., in his book called "Shakespeare and Sir Walter Raleigh," seeks to prove that Raleigh's character and attainments, his entire environment, are as clearly demonstrated in Shakespeare's plays as though Sir Walter had placed his own name on the title page of the plays.

The most sensational claim, however, was that started half a century ago by Miss Delia Bacon, a descendant of Sir Francis Bacon, that the plays were not written by the actor, William Shakespeare of Stratford, but by her famous ancestor, who, because of his high rank at Queen Elizabeth's court, dare not disclose himself as author of the plays. Miss Bacon, who afterwards became insane, gained many adherents to her cause and even to this day has many supporters. Then in 1877 came from Minnesota the flash in the pan which made scholars blink. This was Ignatius Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram," in which the author conjured up from the First Folio of Shakespeare a series of identifying marks by which Bacon revealed himself as author of the plays. This theory was considered too fantastic for endorsement even by the Baconians, all of whose claims are refuted by the best

scholarship, their arguments not being supported by a shred of real evidence. Like the Ireland forgeries we can but regard the Bacon theory as a literary curiosity.

Tolstoy in his famous monograph on Shakespeare starts out to annihilate Shakespeare altogether, by showing his unworthiness as an artist, his falseness as a characterizer of human life, and his sham philosophy. Shaw, through his irreverent handling of modern adulation, has done more to formulate a true attitude towards Shakespeare than any other critic within recent times. Without having read Tolstoy's essay, Shaw wrote to the English translator in no uncertain vein. After having said that he was not really the first Englishman to throw his hat into the ring of Shakespeare idolatry, after having referred to Rowe, to Johnson, to Byron and to William Morris, as critics who viewed Shakespeare in the true light, and after having quoted from a French book on Napoleon, wherein Napoleon himself, looking for more worlds to conquer, laid Shakespeare low by claiming Corneille's superiority, and after having mentioned his sympathy with Voltaire's change in spirit from an admirer of Shakespeare to a real critic of Shakespeare, G. B. S. adds: "Unfortunately the English worship their great artists quite indiscriminately and abjectly; so that it is quite impossible to make them understand that Shakespeare's literary power, his fun, his mimicry, and his endearing qualities that earned him the title of 'the Gentle Shakespeare'—all of which whatever Tolstoy may say are unquestioned facts—do not stand or fall with his absurd reputation as a thinker."

In "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," the reader will be able to measure the real Shavian love rather than hate for Shakespeare. Tolstoy, Shaw, and many socialist writers have hammered the great Elizabethan's indifference toward the working classes.

This in brief is a suggestion of what Shakespeare has undergone at the hands of his enemies. We shall continue, in all probability, to have mutilated texts. But I doubt, now that Shakespeare has been restored by conscientious actors, whether it would be possible to-day for another Tate or another Cibber to mutilate him. On the other hand, when Shakespeare is given in moving pictures scenes are introduced that never were on land or sea. But even these mutilations will not destroy the fame of Shakespeare. This very Tercentenary Celebration is a refutation of all the harm done him in the past.

SIR TOBY BELCH

The Humor of Shakespeare

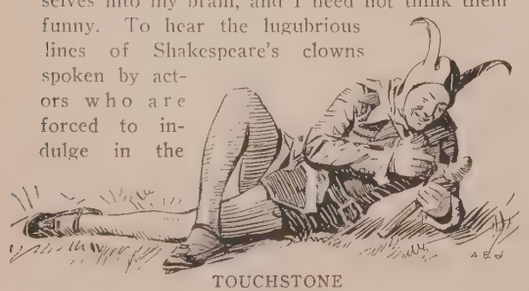
By ALAN DALE

THE present generation may be lacking in many things, but I don't think it can be accused of disrespect to the memory of Shakespeare. It has for the most part been concerned with the opinions of others and has rarely been allowed to form its own. A few daring souls may have given vent to their own ideas, exasperated at the hypocrisy of their colleagues, but they have been quickly squelched as "eccentric" or "iconoclastic"—or something equally disgraceful—and they have learned that silence is golden.

But on the subject of the "humor" of Shakespeare, I really don't see any reason for tame endurance. Just because people are alleged to have laughed at certain ideas in the days of Queen Elizabeth, I can find no excuse for similar behavior to-day.

It has always seemed to me that the "humorous" rôles in Shakespeare should be entrusted to tragedians, so that their significance could be deliberately considered, and the awe-inspiring task of laughing at them could be avoided. As a matter of fact, it is exceedingly difficult, and also embarrassing, to laugh "to order." Of course, in the case of our best friends, there is a delicate sympathy in the effort to appreciate their funny stories. There is a certain duty in it—painful, but none the less incumbent on us. But to smile at a "classic" unless impelled to do so spontaneously, seems to me cowardly. It is a condition of slavery.

Take, for example, the character of Touchstone in "As You Like It." I should like to see that most tiresome of jesters played by some solemn, stupendous actor of rant, rasp, and rampage, so that his words might sear themselves into my brain, and I need not think them funny. To hear the lugubrious lines of Shakespeare's clowns spoken by actors who are forced to indulge in the peculiar intonation that waits for laughter—that gives the audience a clue to their intent—is irritating and quite unnecessary.



TOUCHSTONE

The modern audience is exceedingly good natured. It recognizes the effort of the actor. When it hears certain speeches uttered in smug, oily tones, it knows the "cue." That cue is laughter, and it is immediately forthcoming. The audience has the habit of that sort of thing.

To listen to the laughter of an audience that is absolutely "at sea" as to the meaning of the "humorous" sallies, is one of the most disconcerting features of Shakespearean productions. And there are many of those features!

I venture to say that nearly all the people who unselfishly perjure their intelligence by laughing uproariously at Touchstone, Launcelot Gobbo, Feste, Launce or Speed do so merely on account of the vocal inflections used by the actors impersonating those rôles. Without that inflection, there would be no indication that "humor" was intended. I insist that the lines themselves are for the most part as incomprehensible as though they were written in a foreign language. And why not?

No educated man need be ashamed to confess that the humor of Good Queen Bess' days demands a key, just as the humor of amiable President Wilson's time will call for a diagram three hundred years from now—and will never get it! It is no crime to regard Shakespeare as cryptic and unfathomable. Even the English language has varied its meanings. Only the student can unravel the mystery of it all. To the casual theatre-goer who wanders into a Shakespearean performance with the nonchalance of a mere "amusement seeker" all this "humor" must be disastrously ineffective.

The "humor" of Shakespeare needs the library—glossaries, commentaries, concordances, and all the rest of it. It demands the midnight oil, a cold compress 'round the head, and more than the patience expended upon the perusal of—let us say, Virgil. But nobody is expected to appreciate Virgil in translation. A man is free to do as he likes about it.

Having mastered the "humor" of Shakespeare by careful study, the average student could never, never laugh at it, but merely smile condescendingly, and optimistically. He could discover why it was amusing in the Elizabethan days; that very discovery would tell him that it could not conceivably prove effective to-day. Yet it is the fashion to insist upon the delicacy of Shakespeare's humorous appeal. The world is full of Pecksniffs as far as Shakespeare is concerned. Shakespeare's clowns, of course, are played by actors reputed to be amusing. The audience is prepared to laugh before the actors have opened their mouths. Let the tragedian speak the lines and their dire solemnity will be apparent.

Such humor! As the unerring and occasionally interesting Mr. Shaw would say: "An Eskimo would demand his money back, if a modern author offered such fare." If we could only bring ourselves to regard the "humor" of Shakespeare as something unearthed from the past, and therefore exceedingly curious, what mortification would be spared. We do nothing of the sort. We endeavor to laugh at it, and look askance at our neighbors to see if we are doing the right thing in the right place. A *claque*, well rehearsed, and intelligent would be most welcome. At any rate, we should be certain that we were making no mistakes. At the present time, if the actors should forget their comedy voices, we should be absolutely lost.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF

Rosalind asks Touchstone where he learned a certain oath. That bafflingly humorous gentleman replies: "Of a certain knight, that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn." Loud laughter!

Later on, the jester holds forth in this manner: "I remember, when I was in love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming anight to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said, with weeping tears, *'Wear these for my sake.'* We, that are true lovers, run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly."

What is a "peascod," dear, jocund audience? Before you laugh at Touchstone at least endeavor to know exactly what he means. Why so obsequiously merry?

Whenever I hear an audience laughing at Shakespeare, I long to put it to the test. I should like to

(*Continued on page 232*)

The Women of Shakespeare

By ADA PATTERSON

© Van der Weyde

MARY ANDERSON
as Perdita

© Window and Grove

ELLEN TERRY
as Lady Macbeth

White

Sarony

HELENA MODJESKA
as Rosalind

(above)

JULIA MARLOWE
as Ophelia

FEAR is sometimes expressed that Shakespeare's plays will eventually die for lack of players to enact them. Their passing is loudly lamented as they are seemingly swept into oblivion upon the tide of commercialism and practical issues. But these apprehensions may be banished. Shakespeare's plays will live as long as the English language endures, as long as there are men and women left on this planet to enjoy the mighty verse, the wonderful portrayals of the workings of the human passions.

Women, particularly, will keep the plays alive for two sufficient reasons. Actresses will want to play his heroines, and women will form audiences to see them. In every actress's breast abides the ambition to play one of Shakespeare's heroines. If the ambition lacks vitality it is because the actress fears that her limitations, physical or otherwise, will prevent the fulfillment of that hope. Said Maude Adams to me, at the time of her production of "Romeo and Juliet," in which William Faversham was her Romeo, and James Hackett her Mercutio: "I have shared the universal ambition. Every actress wants to play Juliet." Wants to, doubtless, but sometimes a matter of physical cubits, or of un-Latin temperament, may prohibit the rôle of the passionate Capulet. In that case there is her antipodal character, Lady Macbeth. It is Phyllis Neilson-Terry's wish to play Lady Macbeth differently, more regally, than it ever has been played.

Rosalind and Viola appeal to those women players who have the gift of comedy. Ethel Barrymore has admitted a thought trend toward Rosalind. Ruth Chatterton has thoughts of denoting the youthful high spirits of Viola. Those of extensive Shakespearean opportunities and education would be unhappy without their chance to depict the traits of witty, wise, albeit, tender Portia. To every actress her favorite Shakespeare's heroine! To some actresses all the greater feminine Shakespearean rôles.

Often, for the stern and broad education of it, they would turn from the Shakespearean rôle most nearly like their own character to portray its opposite. As when Ellen Terry, of unique gifts, abandoned during the hours of the play, those qualities which made of her a pre-eminent Rosalind, and became a notable Lady Macbeth. It is a test of the elasticity of her talents which every actress desires and which a few of the most gifted and audacious dare to make. From the actress's viewpoint, there is always the incentive of the illustrious example. To the true student of the art of acting there is inspiration in standards. It fires the active fancy to read and hear of Adelaide Neilson's unsurpassed Juliet. That Miss Neilson's Juliet was accepted as the perfection of acting does not deter one who loves the art of acting and reveres its traditions from approaching, as nearly as she may, that peak of attainment. "I will look unto the hills" is the motto of wise ambition and ambitious wisdom.

Ada Rehan's spirited, nearly unconquerable Katherine, Modjeska's arch Rosalind, Julia Marlowe's exquisite Ophelia, Mary Anderson's statuesque Perdita, are all figures on the heights toward which less distinguished women of the stage lift their eyes and their hopes. Were there no other reason, the acting opportunities afforded by Shakespeare's heroines, and the splendor of the traditions of their presentment, would keep alive Shakespeare's plays. Tried, ambitious and worthy actresses will insist upon interpreting their characters.

But there is another and greater factor in the making of William Shakespeare's works immortal. It is the attitude of the "woman in front." Women will always demand the performance of Shakespeare's plays not merely as entertainment, but because the unfolding of his female characters provides the subtler sex with rules for the conduct of their lives, solutions of the problems of existence.

None more than Portia gives a model of the way to manage a man. Compared with it, Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows" is a diluted specimen of the management of a dull, bumptious and ineffectual male by a keen witted, adequate woman. The woman who wants to learn all that can be learned about charm levels her lorgnons and directs her mind to Rosalind and her artifices. The coquette adds greatly to her fund of information by analysis of the lures employed by Beatrice. And are there not valuable hints in the tricksiness of Mistresses Ford and Page, in their treatment of fond and fatuous Falstaff?

(*Continued on page* 238)

Sarony

ADA REHAN
as Katharine

Sarony

ADELAIDE NEILSON
as Juliet

The First Folio Edition

By M. J. MONTAIGUE

PECULIAR conditions confronted the publication of Shakespeare's plays. The majority of the single plays published in quartos and sold originally for a few shillings were based on texts which were either pirated or bribed out of the hands of actors in Shakespeare's company. They had nothing whatever to do with the authentic manuscripts which, up to the time of the burning of the Globe Theatre, were supposed to have been among the treasures owned by the Shakespeare theatrical organization.

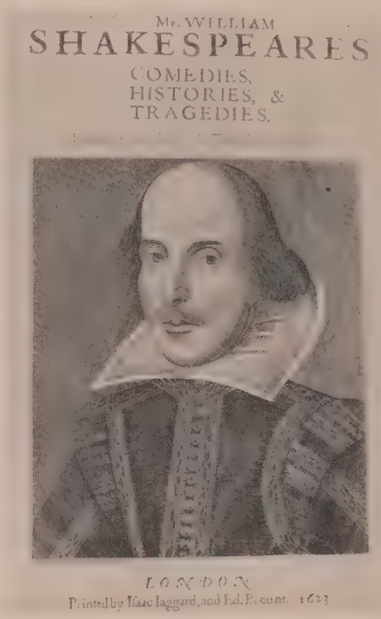
We in these days have often heard of unscrupulous firms whose chief business it is to send stenographers to certain plays and have the dialogue jotted down during the progress of the acting. The unscrupulous publishers of Shakespeare's day did the same thing, and whenever they found themselves too closely watched, they would omit whole scenes and passages.

We know from such authorities as Sir Sidney Lee and others that there were only three of Shakespeare's publications which really received his sanction, "The Rape of Lucrece," "Venus and Adonis" and the Sonnets. Even these have been subject to scrutiny because of the fact that they were often pirated.

One of the greatest pirates of that time was William Jaggard. His connection with the Shakespeare theatre was due very largely to his association with one James Roberts, who enjoyed the concession of printing the hand-bills and programs. This right was turned over to Jaggard and it was he, sometimes after the death of Shakespeare in 1616, who first conceived the idea of bringing out what might be considered an authoritative text of the Shakespeare plays.

So he went about it in a most modern way. He formed a syndicate of men who were more or less connected with the theatre, and turned to two of Shakespeare's friends who not only had been closely associated with him in his life time, but who were remembered by him in his will, John Heminges and Henry Condell.

Whatever Heminges and Condell may have been as actors, undoubtedly it is to them, through their initiative, that we are indebted for the first authoritative texts of the Shakespeare plays. The publishers might claim that their sources



Fac-simile of the title page of the First Folio of 1623, the first edition of the plays to give the authoritative text. To-day the First Folio has a value exceeding $18,000.

consisted of the original manuscripts written in Shakespeare's own hand. But if we take into consideration the fact, first, that theatres are loath to let their original manuscripts go from them, and second, that in all probability when Jaggard conceived the scheme of publishing the Shakespeare plays, the fire at the Globe Theatre had already destroyed most of the valuable manuscripts, then we shall have to determine to ourselves what really were the sources for the "authoritative" texts prepared by Heminges and Condell. Whatever manuscripts were used by them, however much they may have come under the "discriminating" pen of the stage manager, must have had some close relationship to the originals—"as Shakespeare wrote them." On the other hand, textual detectives have discovered certain changes in the Folio, based on the quarto issues of the different plays.

Probably one of the most precious volumes in all the range of English literature is the 1623 Edition of the Shakespeare plays. Fortunately for us, reproductions of this First Folio based on photographic plates have brought a first-hand knowledge of this precious volume to the general reader. He can now see for himself the Droeshout engraving, the general arrangement of the double column pages with their quaint epistolary dedications written by the publishers, and the poetic effusions in praise of Shakespeare from the pen of Ben Jonson and Leonard Diggs. This Folio is the fountain head to which all future editors had to turn in editing the Shakespeare plays.

Naturally the commercial value of these Shakespeare publications is steadily on the increase. From records we note that the volume of his Sonnets published during his life time sold for £800. We note that the First Folio has a value exceeding £3600. According to Sir Sidney Lee this price was paid on March the 23rd, 1907, for the copy formerly owned by the late Frederick Locker-Lampson and now owned by Harvard University. Fortunately, most of the quartos and the majority of the folios are in the possession of institutions and have become more or less public trusts. David Garrick had a wonderful collection of quartos which is now owned by the British Museum. Capell, the Shakespeare editor, also had a fairly complete collection, now in the hands of Trinity College, while the Bodelian Library, Oxford, came into possession of Malone's.

There is one group of quartos once owned by the actor Kemble, which passed into the hands of the Duke of Devonshire, and, in 1914, came into possession of the American collector, Mr. Archer Huntington. As for the First Folios they are so rare now that to the collector they are definite personalities.

The Shakespeare Forgeries

By JOHN T. LESTER

IN the whole mass of documents and data that in the course of time have accumulated around the Bard of Avon there is nothing more curious to the student of human nature than the Shakespeare forgeries. It seems incredible that persons should be so enthusiastic in their devotion to the poet as to spend years inventing false data and records descriptive of his life and habits. Yet there are numerous such cases on record. The public has been duped by spurious copies of wills, tracts, deeds. It has bought all kinds of mementoes, supposed to be made out of the famous mulberry tree, which Shakespeare planted with his own hands. It has worshipped at false shrines and swallowed whole Shakespearean plays of which the gentle William never penned a single line. Most of these literary frauds are too well known to-day to cause any confusion to the student. The forgeries are to be regarded as curiosities of literature rather than as serious disturbances in the gradual evolution of our knowledge of Shakespeare. Every now and then spurious readings of lines in the plays creep into not too well-edited editions, and fabulous incidents in the playwright's career are even to-day related by popular and not too conscientious biographers.

A man by the name of John Jordan (1746-1809), trumped up an alleged will of Shakespeare's father, and the fraud not meeting immediate exposure, he proceeded to enrich his collection with other delectable fabrications. He was soon discovered and pilloried. Then there was sent forth a fraudulent letter, signed G. Peel, and addressed to Shakespeare's friend, Marlowe, describing a meeting with the poet at the Globe Theatre, an impudent forgery which Steevens, the editor of the plays, perpetrated.

SHAKESPEARE'S AUTOGRAPH

Facsimile of the signature on the mortgage deed of the poet's Blackfriars property, the original of which is in the British Museum.

The manufacture of Shakespeareana on a more serious scale was reserved for one William Henry Ireland, a mere boy of eighteen, who was early fired with a passion for the bard through the enthusiasm of his father. The latter, Samuel Ireland, was a not overscrupulous artist himself, but he was sincere in his love for Shakespeare, and he had the antiquarian spirit. This spirit the son inherited. Once, his father said: "How I wish I had a signature of Shakespeare," and thereupon, after a number of minor experiments, the boy ransacked book stalls for old paper, and after he had manufactured a weak ink which, when dry, would give the appearance of staleness, he set to work to forge a signature.

This proving a success, defying the scrutiny of sages of all degrees, young Ireland found no task beyond him. At the slightest suggestion he would prepare leases, receipts, dedicatory pages, and even corrected leaves from the plays themselves, like "Lear" and "Hamlet." Not content with that, he gathered a small row of books, purporting to have belonged to Shakespeare, and bearing on their fly leaves, the immortal Will's not too remarkable signature. As though this were not enough, with the assistance of a friend, he wrote a play called "Vortigern," and declared it to be by Shakespeare. The critics accepted it without question, and it even fooled the sagacious Sheridan, who produced it at Drury Lane. The play was a failure, though the cast included such notable artists as Kemble, Bensley, and (*Continued on page* 238)

Pach Bros.
The battle scene in "Coriolanus," presented by the Riverdale Country School, N. Y.

Scene in "Nice Wanton," pre-Shakespearean play, presented by the University of Chicago

White
Students of the College of New Rochelle who appeared in "The Tempest"

Fairies in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presented by the Hartridge School, Plainfield, N. J.

Scene in Teacher's College Shakespeare Festival. Page with lute singing to Shakespeare (Professor Charles Sears Baldwin, of Barnard) and the notables of Stratford.

The Banquet Scene in "Macbeth" given at Smith College

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATED IN COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS

Strindberg, The Man, Discussed By His Widow

A SMALL, dark-eyed woman, like a purple flame, has come to America as a missionary. Her mission is the avowed one of interpreting the personality of the man who has been called the greatest playwright since Shakespeare.

Mme. Freida Strindberg is the widow of August Strindberg, whom we know as the pessimist playwright and woman hating philosopher. "Ah!" interrupts Mme. Strindberg, who is mentally looking over my shoulder as she mentally looks over the shoulders of us all when the name Strindberg is spoken or thought. "But he was neither pessimist nor woman hater. You are mistaken. You are judging without a sufficient basis of fact. You are acquainted with only one period of his thought life. I have come to acquaint you with the rest and best."

She compels our attention, not merely to the message, but to the woman. She is a Viennese. Like the women of the crown city of Austria, she is of amazing and inexhaustible vivacity. Her energy, too, seems illimitable. She will make us believe.

She has set about her mission in two ways. She has chosen Strindberg's lighter and brighter plays for production at special performances in New York and other chief cities of this country. Likewise she is giving lectures on his personality and his work. These will include readings of his work she considers most illuminating of the truth she is trying to implant in us, that Strindberg was a lover of humanity and a respecter of all women who reserved respect.

"Easter," a play that depicted the passing of the cloud of gloom and disgrace from one household through the kindness of old friends and neighbors, was produced by the Stage Society and under Mme. Strindberg's direction, at the Gaiety Theatre. A fortnight later she gave an address on "The Man and His Work," and read from "The Book of Love."

"I met Strindberg when I was a girl of nineteen. It was in Berlin. I was critic of art and literature for a newspaper in Berlin," she explains with a roguish narrowing and brightening of her brilliant dark eyes at memory of her youthful audacity.

Heredity is the key to most personal riddles. It may solve the riddle of her audacity to know that she was the daughter of Court Councillor Freidrich Uhl of Vienna, a man who did his work in a room so littered with books that there was no room for chairs, and who, when visited by royalty or representatives of royalty, gruffly bade them be seated on the books. Her early plunge into the troubled waters of journalism is further explained by the fact that her father was an editor of a newspaper that caused the government some restless nights and uncertain days. Like her father, Fraulein Uhl was original. She was no copy, not even of him. When, having been graduated, she told him she desired to enter journalism, he frowned at her from beneath formidable brows, took her mental and character measure and said: "I would rather you did not, but I know that has nothing whatever to do with the matter. You will do as you like." To which she replied: "Du hast recht, lieber Vater." She wrote brilliantly for her father's paper, then departed for fresh fields.

"I left home and went to Munich," she says with laughter at that adventurous young self in

Photo Arnold Genthe

MME. AUGUST STRINDBERG
Who has come to New York to interpret her husband's interesting personality

her lips and eyes, "but that was too small for me. I imagined I must have a larger stage. I went to Berlin.

"I met Strindberg at a large reception that was given for him. I arrived late because I had gone first to a concert. We sat down and talked. Or rather he talked and I listened. Believe me, that was a wonderful treat. We talked for two hours. I did not know, so fascinated I was, that the other guests began to go home. Our hostess was uncomfortable. But we did not know. He escorted me home. I remember that my landlady was very angry because I was so late. Strindberg called every day, sometimes twice or three times a day. In three weeks we were engaged. Six months after we were married.

"You are sorry for me because it must have been an unhappy honeymoon with the mad genius? You are mistaken. He was not mad. I shall tell you presently how that impression came into many minds. We were very happy. It was a strange wedding. We went to Heligoland for the wedding and then to Stockholm.

"My husband was a prodigous worker. From the time we arose in the morning until noon we did not speak to each other. It was understood between us that his thought must be uninterrupted during the morning hours. We kissed, but we did not speak. Morning was a time of silence. Our breakfast was eaten in absolute quiet save for the tinkle of the dishes. Then he went alone to his library and wrote until one. After that I could talk with my man. We were gay at luncheon. He wrote during the afternoon. No, it was not a dull life for one so young. The companionship of such a man was an inspirational delight.

"I rejoined that my presence and our happiness reacted healthfully upon his work. From the day of our marriage he became a different Strindberg. His first wife was of the earlier suffragettes of Sweden. Those earlier suffragettes wer absurd. They wore mannish clothes, walked about the streets wearing men s hats and smoked cigars. Some of them preached free love. Strindberg hated these vagaries. He loathed the mannish woman. Under this antagonistic influence he fell mto a morbid mood. He wrote 'The Plea of a Madman,' which was stolen from him and published under the title, 'The Confessions of a Fool.'

"I have never been a radical suffragist. There was in my nature that which Strindberg admired more than any other quality, simple human kindness. In that atmosphere he began writing books and plays of a different sort. His play, 'To Damascus,' was the first output of the new era. All the books and plays written after that were tinged with the same optimism. They were the real representatives of Strindberg.

"Strange, wild statements have been made, and believed, about my husband in this country. The truth is I never knew a man of tastes so ascetic, nor one who was truer to his marriage vows.

"Toward the end of his life his reason was impaired. But who can wonder at that? He worked for thirteen hours every day. He suffered many privations, much soul sickness.

"But recognition of his great work was coming to him at last. He became the greatest Scandinavian. Ibsen was a man of detail. He remained the infinite analyst. They called him 'The Chemist,' for he had been a chemist before he began writing. But when Brandes called upon him shortly before he died and paid him compliments, Ibsen shook his head. He waved his hand toward a picture of my husband that was always on his table. 'There,' said he, 'is a man who is greater than I.'

"I regard August Strindberg as the greatest of dramatists after Shakespeare. I think that is not a loving delusion. If I do not convince you Americans of this truth, I shall at least show you that his later output, and his greatest, was not the work of a mad pessimist. Nor a woman hater. He wanted healthy souls in women. He would have admired American women. For they have healthy souls."

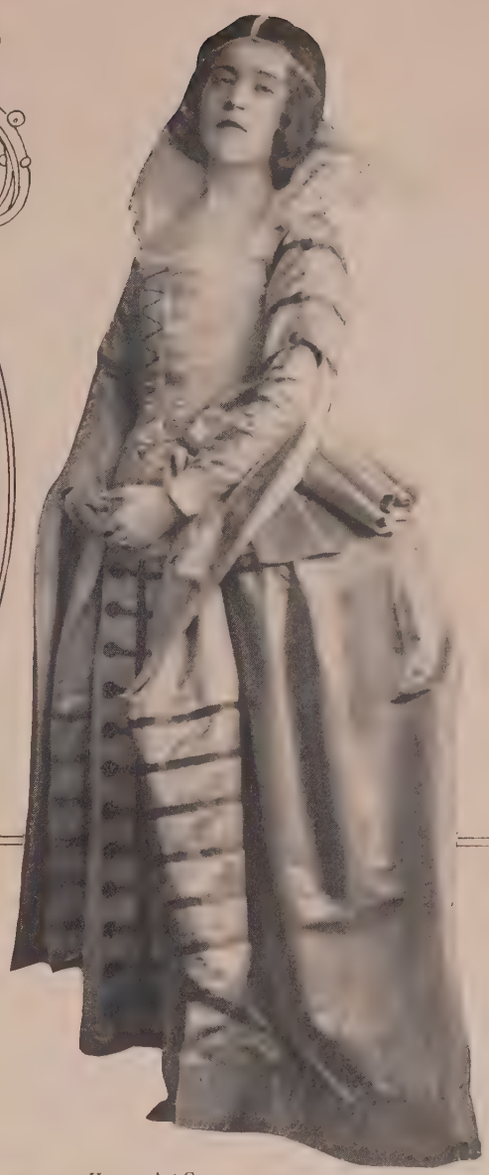
In a novel written shortly after his marriage to the irresistible Fraulein Uhl, Strindberg tells of his introduction to her and of the simplicity with which she offered him the hospitality of her country when he was a fugitive from his own.

"They sat facing each other and talked," wrote the man who is known as Sweden's Shakespeare. "Her dress of black silk had blue stripes. It was in Empire style, with dark lace, which fell like a net of spun slate from beneath her shoulders, lending her an ultra womanly appearance. Her face which he could see now in full light showed a forehead flat as if a blacksmith had struck it; this indicated a strong will power, free from obstinacy. The eyes were large, well-drawn, as those of the children of the South.

In "Queen Christina" the regal character he draws is more like Mme. Strindberg, according to the commentators than was the famous Swedish Queen he has endeavored to revitalize.

He causes a character to reproach her with "wearing so many masks!" He causes another to speak out of his own mind and heart when he rejoins: "She has not one face as sailor Holm and other poor devils have, because she is no ordinary human being, but a world." A. P.

PAULINE FREDERICK IN "AUDREY"
It is a distinct departure to see this usually expensively gowned stage favorite in the homely garb of a film heroine.
(Famous Players)



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MAE MURRAY
as Lady Jocelyn Leigh in "To Have and to Hold"
(Lasky Co.)

"Are the movies going to the dogs?" asked John Barrymore when he found a canine in his supporting company for his picture "The Lost Bridegroom" (Famous Players)

HAZEL DAWN
In the new film production
"The Saleslady"
(Famous Players)

MARY PICKFORD
The most popular player for the screen in a new release
"The Eternal Grind" (Famous Players)

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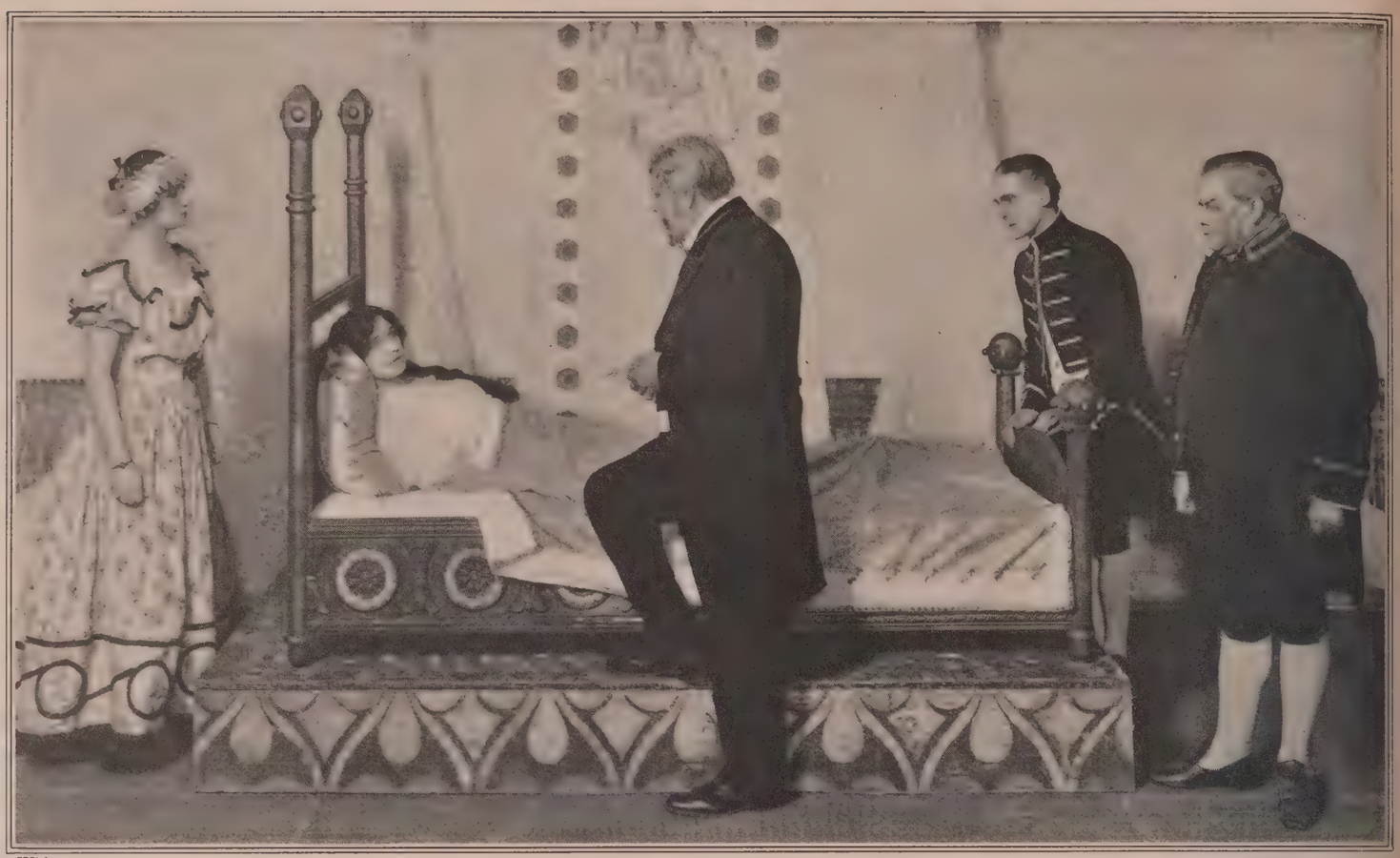

White

Harriet Van Cleve Cordelia Macdonald Harry Rose J. Hooker Wright Rowland Buckstone

SCENE IN "THE GREATEST NATION," A PEACE PLAY, RECENTLY AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

"The Greatest Nation" held the boards at the Booth for just two weeks. Then it went to the storehouse. Just why it was ever produced must remain a theatrical mystery. It was not a play in any sense of the word. It was a preachment in the cause of peace and for something over two hours assorted lots of players in front of four beautiful examples of the scene painter's art, the work of Urban, came forward in couples, quartettes, sextettes and crowds and talked. It was all about a feud existing between two rival mythical Kingdoms. It began nowhere and ended in the same place. Written by Marian Creighton and William Elliott, the latter assumed the rôle of a Crown Prince highly averse to war. Mr. Elliott is hardly an exemplar of romantic dash. Rowland Buckstone imparted some vitality to an old retainer, and Roland Rushton was declamatorily effective as a Minister of War. Hal Forde was a choleric and long winded King. Madame Yorska, as his sister, was sincerely earnest. The costumes were picturesque and to repeat, the stage settings were exquisite.

Managers vs. Critics

ACCORDING to a recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals, a theatre manager may exclude any person from his playhouse save for reasons of race, creed and color. Arbitrary power of selection is vested in him. Unlike a hotel or a restaurant, a playhouse is not a public place.

At the beginning of the theatrical season of 1915, Mr. Alexander Woolcott, dramatic critic of the New York *Times,* offended by his writings the Messrs. Shubert. Declaring that his criticisms of their productions were prejudiced, biased, and inimical to their interests, the managers barred him from all their theatres. Through the lower courts the case was fought out until the highest tribunal of the State rendered its final dictum.

It would be an error to infer from the decision that the Court of Appeals finds Mr. Woolcott wrong or the Shuberts right. It simply lays down the law as it finds it. The ethics of the matter, as they apply to the free exercise of a critic's calling, do not enter into the matter. After all, the public is the best judge in this case. It will render the final verdict. Theatre-goers can tell for themselves whether Mr. Woolcott prognosticated correctly or incorrectly. Were the plays criticised adversely successes, or were they failures? You can't fool the theatre-going public. Was the pen of this critic really so compelling that a Greater New York waited for his decision before deciding to see these plays or to remain at home? The Shuberts in taking action were involuntarily paying him a great compliment, and to many it would seem at the expense of their sense of humor, to say nothing of their common sense. For by cutting off Mr. Woolcott and taking away their advertising from the *Times* they automatically deprived themselves of a large reading public interested in theatrical affairs.

For the sake of argument let us agree that they were fighting for a principle. That principle apparently was that a critic speaking to thousands, through the agency of his newspaper columns, might, through prejudice, bias, or enmity, work a real injury. The managers claimed that their vested capital was in danger, that recourse to common law would prove inadequate, that the wrong which unfair opinion widely circulated might bring about could not be adequately measured up in dollars and cents.

There is quite a little in this contention. Liquidated damages in such a case are well nigh impossible. It would be far easier to determine just how much a shop keeper were damaged by a libel of his wares than to determine the injury a violent criticism might do a work of art. And the Shuberts are quite right in arguing that no daily paper, in this city at least, would ever dare pass such open judgment upon the quality of the wares offered in a department store as critics sometimes see fit to pass upon the nature and worth of the offerings at the playhouses.

But should a theatre put itself on the same level as a department store? How much criticism for or against a play helps or injures it is almost impossible to determine. In Mr. Woolcott's case, his adverse views did not kill the Shuberts' productions, while the Shuberts' action against him has robbed them of thousands of dollars worth of reading notices. The Shuberts, by this policy—never mind the court decision—are certainly losers, and the *Times,* too, is a loser because its columns no longer have the returns from the Shuberts' advertisements. From a perusal of the *Times* nowadays its readers would never know that there were Shubert productions in the city. Yet they are about a fifty per cent. factor in the theatrical life of the metropolis. If the theatre is an institution of vital interest to the public, how does the *Times* reconcile itself with its readers by ignoring one-half of the city's theatrical activity?

This matter should adjust itself. Where a critic or a newspaper is fair the law as it is should work no real hardship. Of course, it is preposterous that the critic should be hampered in any way in arriving at a fair and impartial judgment. He should not be harassed constantly by the bogey of the advertising department. On the other hand, managers who invest thousands in a production deserve some consideration. Yet they must not expect that the money spent on advertising should guarantee good notices of their plays when the plays are not worthy. No manager would respect the newspaper that followed any such policy. With all sensible managers the present law, as defined by the Court of Appeals, will remain a dead letter as far as using it as a weapon to frighten critics goes. Although we have not as yet in the United States any government subsidized theatre, although the stage as conducted to-day in this country is largely a matter of private speculation and enterprise, it is in the interest of the managers themselves to encourage reviewers to discuss their productions from the standpoint of art, not commercialism, and not to put their plays on the same level as merchandise in a dry goods store, the real quality of which newspapers are not apt, for obvious reasons, to discuss very frankly in print.

the soup of the epicure

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The Theatre in Shakespeare's Day

(*Continued from page* 206)

of Hamlet's father's Ghost? Here fancy fails us. We look in vain for his appearance among the *dramatis personæ*. But at least we may catch a glimpse of him, standing half concealed in a curtained doorway of the tiring-house, the Master of the Show, pulling the invisible strings that move his living puppets, like another Prospero in his magic mantle, creator and ruler of a second world. There from beneath that Homeric brow, those great, kindly all-seeing eyes gaze out upon the mimic humanity that so completely mirrors the real. And deep within them we read things unfathomable, and realize in a spirit of loving and reverential awe that we shall never be able in this life to pluck out the heart of his mystery.

What Did Shakespeare Really Look Like?

(*Continued from page* 210)

and the Hilliard miniature, side by side. Could Shakespeare have been like them all? These artists were sufficiently equipped with a sense of the science of phrenology to fathom that no flat, short brow could have stood sponsor for such plays as Shakespeare left us, and they have given him a lofty brow, so lofty sometimes that the features look as though they had slid out of place. It was the eighteenth century enthusiasm that created the forger, Ireland, and that made it easy for any "discoverer" to come forward with a possible original for the Stratford bust or for the Droeshout engraving.

The sculptors have, of course, been ideal in their arrangement of the Shakespeare pose, and in the agreeable expression of his countenance. There is sentimentality in the Westminster Abbey Memorial Statue for the Poet's Corner; there is spirit in the Roubiliac figure, done for Garrick. Ward sculptured a Shakespeare for Central Park, New York (1882), Fournier for Paris (1888), and Gower (1888) for Stratford.

There is a queer brochure published, coming from Mr. W. S. Booth, and consisting mostly of reproductions of the Droeshout portrait, over which is superimposed, in many experimental "composites," the authentic lineaments of Sir Francis Bacon. I wonder how many will agree with him that the true original of the engraving on the title page of the Folio is none other than he?

Certainly, there is not one among the few "authentic" sources as to the likeness of Shakespeare, to agree in the nobility of countenance, with the pen portrait left us by Ben Jonson in those lines of his, supposed to describe what Droeshout in vain tried to portray.

As Mr. John Masefield writes, in his concise little volume on the life of the bard:

"There are, unfortunately, many graven images of Shakespeare. They are perhaps passable portraits of the languid, half-witted, hydrocephalic creatures who made them. As representations of a bustling, brilliant, profound, vivacious being, alive to the finger tips and quick with an energy never since granted to man, they are as false as water."

Tree's Shakespeare Fete

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree will give a gala Shakespearean entertainment on April 23rd, the 300th anniversary of the death of the poet, as his contribution to the nation-wide festival. Sir Herbert will invite American players to participate with him in this performance, and the proceeds will be donated to the Red Cross.

The Humor of Shakespeare

(*Continued from page* 224)

know precisely why each laugh-purveyor thought he was amused, and what he believed the uttered words meant. That would be instructive, and I don't think that it has ever been done.

Yet Shakespeare is edited. It is blue-pencilled mercilessly, for we might be shocked. We say nothing about that! Many of us know nothing about it. Yet Shakespeare's "spice" is quite as difficult to fathom as his "humor." If one be deleted, I can see no reason for sparing the other. All his plays, to my mind, would be much more interesting with the humorous rôles omitted. No, I can see no sacrilege. If you edit Shakespeare, then edit him thoroughly. The omission of the "humor" would obviate the horrible tax upon our risibilities.

Mr. Frederick Warde, in his clever little book entitled "The Fools of Shakespeare," says that the Bard has left us "enduring pictures of mediæval life and manners, that make the characters live again in their true and perfect body and environment." All of which is exceedingly comforting. It is manifestly our duty to study that environment before we attempt to say whether the characters belonging to it are humorous or not. How can we possibly know unless we read all that we can possibly discover on the subject?

Courage! Hang the traditions! If we offer the splendid tribute of laughter, let us at least understand why we do it. We sit in contemptuous silence at a modern play, if its humor proves to be "puerile"—and we do love that expression. Yet—now confess it, and I promise that it shall go no farther—don't you think that some of the clowns of Shakespeare are even ultra-puerile? There is no grave disrespect in an inability to laugh at Elizabethan humor. There is no gaunt heresy in the assertion that some of the "funny men" in these classical plays are unmitigated bores, as far as our modern comprehension goes.

Do you think that the masterful Falstaff would be archly amusing without his "make-up"? Why do you insist upon laughing at Falstaff? You see the tremendous stomach, and you are instantly impelled to believe that he is humorous, for the reason that an excess of avoirdupois in the abdominal region, is always considered droll, instead of tragic—which, of course, it is. Falstaff is a boon to the actor who is lacking in imagination, because he has little to do beyond building up his physical structure. He is quite aware that he can rely upon the average audience to laugh at the dreadful infliction of corpulence.

The humor of Shakespeare is without rhyme or reason to-day *as* humor. To attempt to force the coarse, heavy, labored jests of the Elizabethan period into the laughter ducts of modern human beings is as ludicrous and as perilous as it would be to ram the persiflage of Potash and Perlmutter down the throats of the inhabitants of Timbuctoo. The Shakespearean fanatic is a dangerous person—quite as dangerous as any other brand of fanatic.

I am always reminded of the story of the man who was once asked why he did not weep at a sermon, when everybody else was shedding tears. He replied: "I don't belong to the parish."

When you have emancipated yourself from the Shakespearean parish, you will love to study the curious, cumbersome "humor" of that period, but you will not laugh at it. It is much too solemn.

"Papa, what is the difference between a fiddler and a violinist?"

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One of the most wonderful issues we have ever published will come along in April. If you care about the real things in life at all—if yours is a real mind instead of the novel fed type, the April number will be a real treat to you. It is a Shakespeare memorial number—full of rare wood-cuts and engravings and articles by all of the great Shakespearean scholars. Brush up and come with us during the next year.

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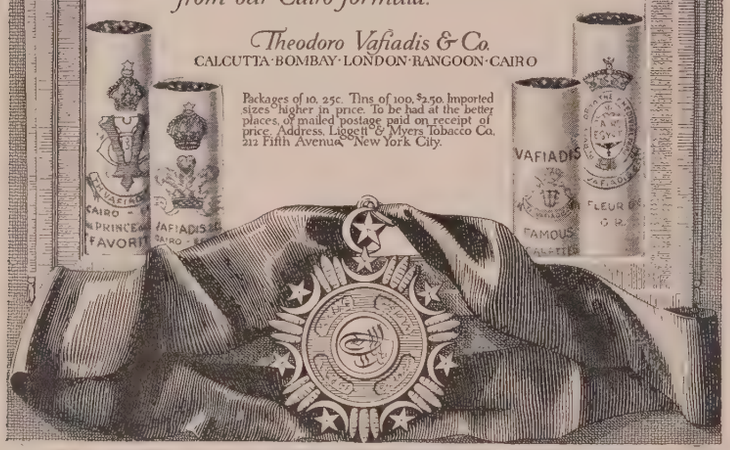

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THE following articles by Alan Dale, the well-known critic and humorist, have appeared in the Theatre Magazine:

The Dramatic Critic	October 1915 Issue
Clothes and The Drama	November " "
Foibles of First Night Audiences	December " "
"Types" Not Actors, Wanted	January 1916 "
The Humor of the Theatrical Interview	February " "
American versus English Actors	March " "

Baltimore & Ohio's Advancement

Those who think of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in terms of the past—as a great scenic and historical route or as America's first railway—should know it to-day. In the past four years $100,000,000 have been used to improve the roadbed, to straighten curves, to add tracks, to better equipment. Millions have been spent for new coaches and engines for the all-steel, electric-lighted trains, with dining car service unsurpassed anywhere. All the attractions of nature which made it "the scenic route of Eastern America" are still there for the traveler, but they have been made $100,000,000 better. One cannot ride in better trains, over a better roadbed anywhere.

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Columbia Records

Favorite artists and favorite music alike appear in the April list of Columbia recordings on sale the 20th of this month. Pablo Casals leads off the instrumental division with the "Prelude" and "Sarabande" from Bach's mighty C Major Suite for 'cello. The Taylor Trio add "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" and "Darling Nellie Gray" to their home song collection. Prince's Orchestra gives delightful interpretations of Schubert's "Moment Musical" and Tschaikowsky's familiar "Andante Cantabile," the famous "Comedy (Lustspiel) Overture" and the "Barcarolle" from Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann."

The vocal list includes the eminent Maggie Teyte singing Lohr's "Little Grey Home in the West" and Sanderson's "Until"; Margaret Keyes sings "Some Day I'll Wander Back Again" and "Will You Love Me When I'm Old"; Eleanor Painter, famous on the boards of "Princess Pat" sings "Love Is the Best of All" and her previous hit from "The Lilac Domino"; Al Jolson has recorded "Yaska Hoola Hickey Doola."

There is a page of Easter music including Faure's "The Palms," Shelley's "The Resurrection," the former a tenor and baritone duet, the latter a baritone solo, and "List, the Cherubic Host" from Gaul's "Holy City."

Advt.

Victor Records

Shakespeare, in his plays, has frequently expressed a distrust for men "who like not music." One wonders what the bard would say if he knew how little attention is given by the modern reader to the lyrics and the music of his own plays? The Victor Talking Machine Company is performing a service in publishing records of the songs from the familiar plays. The music in "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," "The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream" and other plays, is now obtainable in record form sung in the character of the play. Among the many interesting settings of Shakespeare's own day are Ophelias' songs in "Hamlet," Desdemona's "Willow Song" from "Othello," Ariel's songs from "The Tempest' and three songs from "Twelfth Night." The Victor also offers a fine series of old English country and Morris Dances collected and made under the direction of Mr. Cecil Sharp, President of the Stratford-on-Avon Folk-Dance Society. These records will play an important part in the many observances of the present tercentenary.

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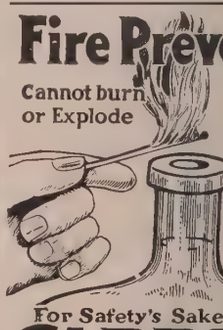

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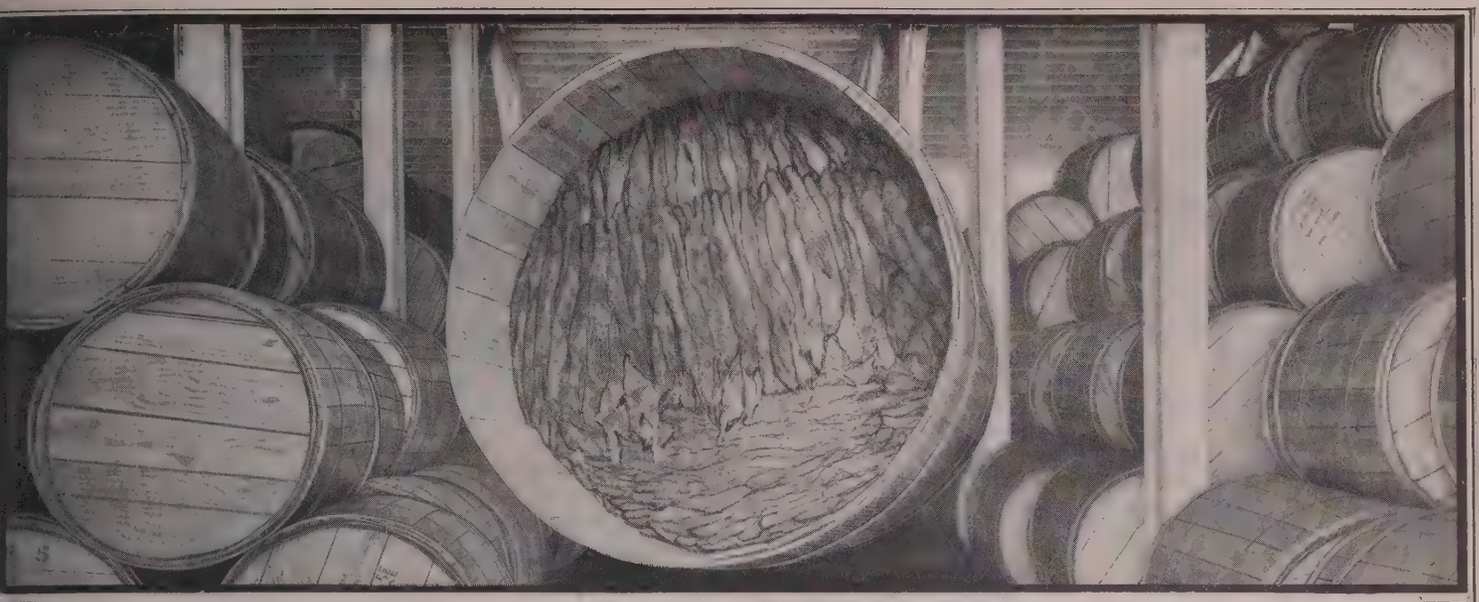

Partial Interior View of One of the Hundreds of Big Storage Warehouses in which the Choicest Burley Leaf is Aged in Wood three to five Years for Tuxedo Tobacco. The Large Central Inset Shows a Hogshead Opened.

All Smoking Tobaccos Are Aged

Have to be to make them smokable. Tobacco in its natural state is raw and harsh. Ageing makes it mellower, milder.

The leaf for some tobaccos is aged for only one or two years. That for Tuxedo is aged in wooden hogsheads for *three to five* years—until it is as nearly perfect as nature can make it.

Most manufacturers simply age the leaf and *let it go at that.* But—

Tuxedo Is *More* Than Aged

After nature has done all it can to mellow the leaf, then the *original* "Tuxedo Process" is applied.

This famous process—a doctor's discovery—takes out all the bite left by nature. Prevents irritation of mouth and throat. Makes Tuxedo the mildest, most comfortable smoke possible to produce. Enables men to enjoy a pipe who formerly could not do so.

The "Tuxedo Process" has many imitators. Millions of dollars have been spent trying to invent a "just-as-good" process. But it still remains the great *original* method for making tobacco absolutely biteless and non-irritating.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Get a tin of Tuxedo. Try it for a week. Note how sweet and fragrant it is and how mild! You can smoke it all day and have a sound tongue and a perfectly comfortable throat at the end. A week's trial is bound to make you a permanent smoker of Tuxedo.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch..... **5c**

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket **10c**

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c *In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c*

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Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

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We make five different tires, —the only complete line made by any one company.

Each Tire meets certain automobile needs—meets them as the 'Nobby' does—completely, satisfactorily.

'Nobby' Tread Tires, "the Aristocrats of the Road," are the largest selling very high-grade anti-skids in the world.

Reason—they fill their particular need to the limit.

Ask any United States Tire dealer to explain United States Tires to you.

United States Tire Company

'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco'
'Royal Cord' 'Plain'

"INDIVIDUAL TIRES"

Preserver of the Shakespeare Tradition

(*Continued from page 221*)

for an unknown. Worst of all, the unknown had bizarre and startling theories. Actors should use no make-up, their facial expressions alone should delineate emotion! Is it any wonder that Bram Stoker rushed behind shrieking that Paris had a dirty face? But best of all, the young actor was willing and anxious to learn. A few lessons in make-up from a stage hand helped him to humility and docility. He even accepted exile to the provinces, and in the seventies and eighties that meant something worse than a Sunday in London—and Heaven knows that can be frightful enough.

From the days of Garrick interest in Shakespeare's town had been increasing; our own Washington Irving gave it a decided impetus in The Sketch Book. In April a beautiful flower procession to the tomb had become of wide-spread significance, the birthplace had been rescued from the butcher and transformed from a shop to a shrine. But the real and only manner of celebrating a dramatist had not yet been assured. There had been irregular and erratic performances only. With the installation of the Benson Company the regular dramatic interest was instituted. And ever since then Mr. Benson has regularly offered in April, gradually lengthening the term, a Shakespeare festival in which all other forms of commemoration are subordinate, as they should be, to the plays upon the stage.

At Atlantic City

There is no doubt at all that Atlantic City is one of the greatest resorts in the country—and it is interesting to note that it is looming up more and more as a theatrical producing centre. Both managers and players have a warm spot in their hearts for it, and many plays have their opening nights there, before being shown anywhere else in the country. Is it owing to the fact that people from the four corners of the United States meet there at one time or another, thereby enabling the managers to test the pulse of a real American audience?

Among the list of prominent "first nights" during the past year, at the Apollo Theatre, were:

"The Devil's Garden," "Jane O'Day from Broadway," with Blanche Ring; "The Blue Envelope"; "Marguerite Schiller," with Elsie Ferguson; "Paganini," with George Arliss; "The Road to Mandalay"; "Everyman's Castle," with Cyril Scott; Wilton Lackaye, Hilda Spong, Kathleen Clifford, Effingham Pinto, Maude Eburne, "Come Into Bohemia," etc., etc.

A well-known artist the other day said to the writer: "The balmy air of Atlantic City fills me with renewed energy. In the city I should not think of getting up before noon, but down here, no matter how late the night before may have been, you will always find me on the boardwalk nine o'clock at the latest. The hotels are so inviting and so wonderfully well managed, that if I had my choice, I should remain here 365 days in the year."

During the opera season it is not unusual to see the great artists, Caruso, Scotti, Amato, Farrar, Alda and Hempel, spending a few days at this wonderful seaside resort, the climate of which is peculiarly soothing to their vocal chords.

From a recent novel: "He reclines in a chair, watching her tapering fingers as they weaved from the keys the melodies of Mozart, Beethoven and Schopenhauer."

My Hundred Hamlets

(*Continued from page 217*)

fine of feature and garbed in the traditional fashion as were the Hamlets of that day—a short skirt, an embroidered half cape, a massive gold chain and decoration, a pocket for the handkerchief and book dangling from a golden girdle about his waist. Its companion is a lithograph of twenty years later, depicting the blond Hamlet of Charles Fechter, whose impersonation of the royal Dane created argument and discussion for a quarter of a century.

There is a rowdy portrait, a contemporary one, of Charles Mayne Young. It gives an idea of him in the scene in the churchyard, for he cuddles a skull in his arms. The cap which Mr. Young wears suggests the grave-digger rather than Hamlet himself.

John Philip Kemble, except for the enormous nose which was a characteristic of the Kemble family and even marred the classic line of the great Sarah Siddons' face, was an ideal Prince of Denmark; Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of him at the grave of Ophelia, with the skull of Yorick in his hand, has become the standard representation of the character. Kemble's Hamlet may have been heavy, but he stamped the "business" for the part upon the play for succeeding generations of actors until the advent of Edwin Booth.

A curious picture is that of the Hamlet of Edgar L. Davenport, father of the long line of Davenports who have made much stage history. Evidently at the period of this portrait, Davenport believed the grave-digger's lines to represent Hamlet's age, for he wears the English "mutton chop" whiskers of the mid-Victorian period and looks middle aged and quite like a butler.

Edwin Forrest's sturdy figure, in black velvet jacket and skirt, his well-known imperial and his piercing eyes, gives little idea of the Hamlet Shakespeare wrote, even though the actor, studious and intelligent as he was, had given much thought to his impersonation of the rôle. Forrest was too robust to be a good representative of the part, but his intelligence carried him through.

The portrait of W. C. Couldock gives us a stern-faced frenzied prince with throat bared and hair flying and the glare of insanity shining in his eyes.

An India proof line drawing presents "Little Davy"—the great Garrick—who revolutionized the English stage by bringing natural methods to bear on the characters he undertook. Garrick is shown as he dressed the rôle—in bag wig, surtout and ruffles, and chose for his pose the first appearance of the Ghost. The picture represents Hamlet with his hands thrown up in terror on his glimpsing the supernatural. Garrick played Hamlet throughout his long and successful life.

Of the numerous women who have dared to play Hamlet, beginning with the great Siddons, and ending with the minor actress, Adelaide Keim, are portraits of Louise Pomeroy, Mademoiselle Dudley, Miss Keim, Mora and two pictures of Bernhardt; one a cartoon by S. H. Sime, and the other, a black and white by Mein.

Other portraits in the collection include those of Osmond Tearle, Ernest Truex, Charles Kemble, Barry Sullivan, Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, James E. Murdock, Lawrence Barrett, Wilson Barrett, William Augustus Conway, Samuel Phelps, George Fox, Eddie Foy, Henry Johnstone, Frederick Hasse, Alexander Moissi, Faure, Daniel Bandman, B. Zadnowsky, Josef Kainz.

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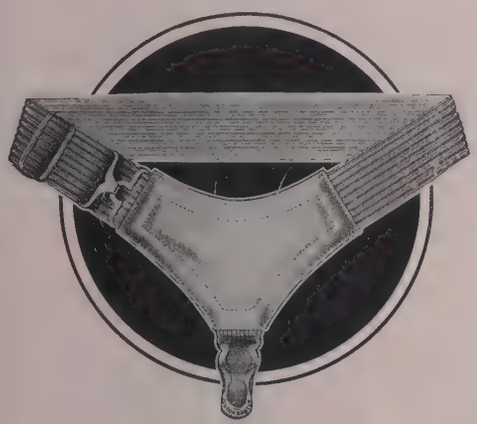
People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.
25¢
Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



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The maximum of worth is found in the "Boston"
Silk 50c Lisle 25c
GEORGE FROST CO. BOSTON

Signal to Fire Big Guns in French Navy Given by Klaxons

THE decks are cleared for action. Grey, cold, frowning forms emerge from the mists—the gunboats of the enemy.

A puff of white smoke from one—and a shell explodes to port.

The battle is on.

Gunners dart here and there, quick and skillful at their tasks.

The commander on the bridge directs the battle without a shout.

He gives his orders to fire by pressing a button—which connects with Klaxon automobile horns on the firing deck below.

The noise of the cannonading is deafening, but the Klaxons cut through it like a knife.

In the French navy more than 600 Klaxons have been installed to thus tie together bridge and deck.

The horn that can be heard in the din of battle can be heard in the noise and rush of street traffic.

The sharp, impelling note of the Klaxon never fails to get instant attention and action. It is the pedestrian's protection against the oncoming automobile.

The use of Klaxons on automobiles is so general that Klaxon has come to mean "auto horn," and many horns which are not Klaxons are sold as Klaxons to unsuspecting motorists. The only way to be sure is to look for—and find—the Klaxon name-plate.

There is a Klaxon for every kind and size of automobile—from the Hand Klaxonet at $4 to the large Klaxon at $20. Klaxons are made only by the Lovell-McConnell Mfg. Co., Newark, N. J.

THE collection of Chinese porcelain lamps with their shades fashioned from old Chinese embroideries contains examples of every beautiful color, every graceful form, and are especially designed to harmonize with the furnishings of the modern artistic home.
Carefully chosen, such a lamp will add a charmingly decorative and distinctive note to any room.
A lighted lamp is the most conspicuous object in a room; it should be a thing of beauty in complete harmony with its surroundings.
Edward I. Farmer
CHINESE ANTIQUES AND INTERIORS
5 West 56th St., New York

Women of Shakespeare

(*Continued from page 225*)

To the thoughtful woman there is symbolism in Lady Macbeth's career. A woman whom I met at a matinée of a Sothern and Marlowe production of "Macbeth" told me that witnessing the play had taught her that she was driving too close to the rocks of unscrupulousness, her ambitious but high-souled husband. The world offers many sorry romances based upon the love of a woman for a man of mad impulses and erratic course. Such a man is the disturbing, wrecking comet in the calm firmament of a woman's life. I knew one such who broke her troth to a brilliant, irresponsible fiancé after seeing Miss Marlowe's poor, mad Ophelia. "Better that he should go to a mad house than that both should," said the woman Ophelia-taught. Well Ophelia-taught, too, for a mad house was her Congressman's ultimate home.

Shakespeare's plays are not mere comedies of manners. They are plays of no time nor place but exegeses of the bewildering volume of the human heart. The heart problems and life perplexities are the same as they were three hundred years ago. They will be the same three hundred years farther down the tortuous path of time.

As the ancients had their oracles, modern women must have their Shakespeare.

The New Plays

(*Continued from page 198*)

WINTER GARDEN. "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." Musical extravaganza in two acts. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge and Edgar Smith; music by Sigmund Romberg and James Hanley. Produced on February 17th with this cast:

Poindexter, Lee Phelps; Frank Speed, Frank Holmes; Bob Van Astor, Johnnie Berkes; Jack Jitney, Frank Grace; Gladys Brookville, Wanda Lyon; Dorothy Hempstead, Louisa Conti; Hiram Westbury, Claude Flemming; Captain Chichester, Lawrence D'Orsay; Diana Westbury, Helen Shipman; Suzie Westbury, Kitty Doner; Mazie Underwood, Rae Bowdin; Howell Louder, Barry Lupino; The Leading Lady, Jean Forbes; The Soubrette, Eleanor Brown; Miss Reel, Lois Whitney; The Leading Man, Harry Wilcox; The Star Feature, Mme. Comont; The Camera Man, Bert Dunlap; A Movie Actor, George Lavender; Dick Hunter, Frank Carter; Gus Jackson, Al. Jolson; First Constable, Edward Bowers; Second Constable, Alfred Crocker; Third Constable, Frank Walters; A Goat, George Thornton.

A typical Winter Garden show this—with gorgeous costumes, pretty girls, massed chorus effects, lively music. Not much can be said for the book, based on the well-known juvenile classic, save that it gives plenty of opportunity to Al Jolson, perhaps the most popular of all our black-faced comedians. The extravaganza represents a dream. One sees the terraced lawns of a beautiful estate upon which a group of movie actors are taking a picture. The owner of the place falls asleep and dreams he is Robinson Crusoe. Subsequently he is shown in skins, having a royal time on his island attended by Friday. Mr. Jolson keeps the audience amused and sings several songs in his best manner.

Books Received

My Lady's Dress. By Edward Knoblauch. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Plays of the Natural and the Supernatural. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: John Lane Company.

Good Friday and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Confessional and Other American Plays. By Percival Wilde. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Tragedy of Nan and Other Plays. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Shakespeare Forgeries

(*Continued from page 226*)

Dora Jordan. By this time William was being hedged in by curious questioning, and Malone, an astute scholar, was hot on his trail.

William Henry was as great a liar as forger. His father's credulity was so much wax to be moulded at every turn. Who was the owner of such a valuable store of manuscripts, and why did he let the boy have them? A Mr. H. was invented, who, first was beholden to the lad because, in looking over the papers, a valuable deed had been uncovered; and then later was forced to turn over the manuscripts because there was existing proof that one of Shakespeare's friends was a William Henry Ireland, to whom and his heirs, forever, the bard had left his manuscripts when he came to die.

Oh, the credulous people of that time! Boswell, Dr. Johnson's shadow, viewed the collection and sank on his knees before the relics. Ireland, the father, gathered the display, and went in a coach to visit the Prince of Wales! At the Ireland home, tickets were issued, as though a museum had been discovered. Yet all the while in his rooms, where William Henry was supposed to be reading law, his table was in full view of the "female" who dusted, and who often chuckled over the boy's cleverness. The old bookbinder who helped him make the Shakespeare ink was in full possession of the facts. And even a friend, one Montague Talbot, had seen him working, and had wrung a confession from him. With all this evidence against him, young Ireland needed nerve. And he had it, until his father proposed publishing the plays, which had been added to by the "appearance" of Henry II. The proposal to publish stopped William Henry's plan to "discover" a series of chronicle dramas dealing with every reign from the time of William the Conqueror!

From the moment he suggested to his father that maybe the collection belonging to Mr. H. was spurious, from the time he felt himself followed on the streets by those determined to locate the whereabouts of the mysterious old man, from the time Talbot wavered in his loyalty, William Henry weakened. Until finally the strain became so great, before the scrutiny of an investigating committee, that he confessed. Thus ended one of the greatest literary hoaxes connected with the history of Shakespeare. Till the day of his death, Ireland showed pride in his cleverness. He was indeed more than clever: for in his writings, whether in the Shakespeare confession of faith or in the plays, he caught the Elizabethan manner, and echoed the Shakespeare style.

The most pernicious of all the forgeries were those perpetrated by John Payne Collier, who, in 1849, bought from a book-dealer a Second Folio (1632) edition of the plays, which he declared contained, on every page, corrections and alterations and emendations, done in a seventeenth century hand. In 1852, he issued a volume on the subject. Everyone at first believed him, for he had standing in scholarship. Then he wrote a book, telling some new facts about the life of Shakespeare, based on the Bridgewater House manuscripts.

These are a few of the instances in which the public has been duped. It was Charles Lamb who once declared that if he should meet Shakespeare on the stairs, out of pure love for the bard he knew he would drop dead. This is a timidity which no forger has ever shown. They have all been proud of their accomplishments and, what is more, they have all escaped jail!

GOWNS
ready for immediate use or made to individual requirements.

B. Altman & Co.
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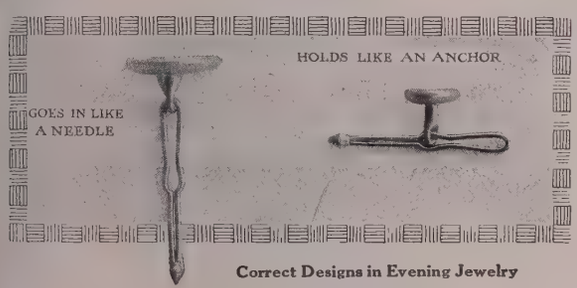
Thirty-fourth Street Thirty-fifth Street

Gifts for Easter

Maillard

Bonbons
Chocolates
French Bonbonnieres

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FIFTH STREET
NEW YORK



Correct Designs in Evening Jewelry

If a copyright could prevent imitation of designs, further identification of

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bodkin clutch studs, vest buttons and cuff links to match

would be unnecessary.

But Krementz designs are imitated—imitated because of their correctness and style; because few workshops have designers sufficiently skilled in their craft to equal the designs of Krementz evening jewelry, made in platinum either plain or set with precious stones.

A feature exclusive with Krementz evening jewelry, is the convenient, practical patented bodkin clutch on the studs and vest buttons.

The better jewelers can always be depended upon to show you a varied assortment of genuine Krementz designs. Many refuse to sell any other.

Photographs of new exclusive designs, and the name of the jeweler carrying them will be sent upon request.

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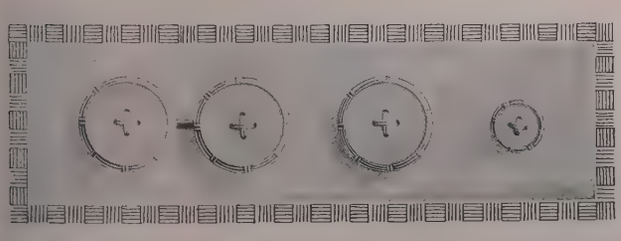

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Cravats for Easter

Embracing the newest textures and designs for the Spring Season—including Moire Velour, Crêpes Brochés, Spitalfield Squares, Rumchundas, etc.

Prices $1.50 to $5.00

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Where To Buy And What To Buy

The Theatre Magazine's Handy Guide

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Nine times out of ten, winter or summer, the limousine is the car best suited to your need. The Willys-Overland, Toledo, Ohio.

The Kissel Kar—"the All-Year Car"—for summer and winter driving. Kissel Motor Car Company, Hartford, Wis.

Auto Accessories

Klaxon—the reliable horn of clear, melodious sound—instantly recognizable. The Extra Heavy added tread makes the Michelin Tire suitable for heavy limousines and town cars. Milltown, New Jersey, New York.

'Nobby' tread Tires "the Aristocrats of the Road." are the largest selling, very high-grade anti-skids in the world. United States Tire Company, Broadway, New York.

Beauty Care

La Bohême perfume is Arly's masterpiece. An incomparable blending of French flowers. At the best shops—$4.00. V. Vivaudou, Times Building, New York.

A beautiful form is woman's greatest asset—perfect health her greatest joy. Annette Kellermann, 12 West 31st St., New York.

Violet—the bath-soap par excellence—preferred by people of culture who delight in a luxurious bath. Frank M. Prindle & Co., 71 West 35th St., New York.

Use a Hygienol Powder Puff because they are guaranteed sterilized. In sanitary tissue envelopes. Maurice Levy, 15 West 38th St., New York.

Delatone instantly and harmlessly removes all hair from the underarm and the forearm. Sheffield Pharmacal Co.

Conformity with modern fashion is rendered harmless and convenient by the use of Evans' Depilatory. Geo. B. Evans, 1104 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap—perfumed—makes for that indispensable refreshing cleanliness. For the bath, shampoo and toilet.

Mme. Helena Rubinstein's Valaze Cream moderates and prevents lines, crows feet, freckles and tan. 15 East 49th St., New York.

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Blouses that are different in line, design and color. To say Forsythe is to think of blouses. John Forsythe & Sons, 3 West 42nd St., New York.

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Maillard's Candy is found in every home where the best is known. Maillard, 5th Avenue & 35th St., New York.

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Gossard Corsets are made to fit every known style of figure. At all good shops. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago, Ill.

The Goodwin Corset—compellingly attractive—amazingly comfortable. Goodwin, 373 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

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Bonwit Teller—exclusive modes—Tailleur costumes, dansant and dinner gowns, day coats and wraps. Bonwit Teller & Co., 5th Ave. & 38th St., N. Y.

When your dreams come true in frocks. Real model gowns, designed for exhibition and sold for one-half their value. Maxon (see new address), 1587 Broadway, at 48th St., N. Y.

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New designs in hosiery are constantly being reproduced to meet the demand for something different. Peck & Peck, 448 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

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Nardi,—recognized authority on correct riding attire, country and golf suits. Nardi, 73 West 47th St., N. Y.

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Astonishments in silver, novelties in leather goods, originalities in gold. The Gorham Co., 5th Ave. & 36th St., N. Y.

Correct designs in evening jewelry. Bodkin clutch studs, vest buttons and cuff links to match. Krementz & Co., Newark, N. J.

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Edward I. Farmer offers Oriental art lamps, Chinese porcelain, etc., with beautiful old Chinese embroidered shades from $22 to $300. 5 West 56th St., N. Y.

Materials

Pussy willow, the most favored of silks for the summer costume. Made by H. R. Mallinson & Co., 255 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Soirée—a beautiful washable silk with many colorings that are unobtainable in any other silk. Rogers & Thompson, Inc., 357 4th Ave., N. Y.

Palm Beach Cloth—a new and delightful fabric for suits and dresses. Made by R. K. Mulford, 229 4th Ave., N. Y.

Mens' Furnishing

Budd—Cravats for Easter—embracing the newest textures and designs for the Spring Season. Budd, 572 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Millinery

Knox has the distinction of designing the hats worn by all the great ladies of stardom. Knox, 452 5th Ave., N. Y.

Mention "Rawak" to your dealer, and you will be sure to find the really effective Spring hat. Rawak, 48 West 38th St., N. Y.

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The Steinway Piano expresses the highest attainment in musical instruments. Steinway & Sons, 107 East 14th St., N. Y.

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Columbia—the latest "hits" are first recorded and best recorded on Columbia Double-Disk Records, everywhere that records are sold.

Victor records are the master interpretations of the world's greatest artists.

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A most unusual exhibition and sale of Oriental and Chinese rugs. Benjamin Benguiat, 569 5th Ave., N. Y.

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People of culture, refinement and education prefer Egyptian Deities—"The Utmost in Cigarettes." 25c.

Tuxedo is the perfect tobacco for pipe and cigarette. Deliciously mild, mellow and smooth—you can buy Tuxedo anywhere.

Vafiadis Cigarettes—imported from abroad. In tins, 10 for 25c.—100 for $2.50. Imported sizes higher in price.

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This shopping department has been a success since its inception, and it will be our constant endeavor to make it so up-to-the minute that no well-dressed woman can do without her copy of The Theatre Magazine.

Send check or money order for the full amount of your purchase. No charge accounts are carried, and no orders will be sent C. O. D.

All orders will be sent Express collect, unless otherwise requested. When a reply is desired, a stamped envelope should be enclosed in your letter. Try "The Theatre" Shopping Service.

May I ask if you can purchase for me a gown similar to the one described in March Footlight Fashions, as worn by Ruth Shepley, with flowing sleeves and side pockets in the skirt?
Please give me full particulars as to price, materials and colors obtainable. I shall send you my measurements and also my check as soon as I have your reply. *Mrs. L. S., Cornish, N. H.*

Will you tell me where the Russian Blouse négligée of Neptune satin may be purchased—or better still, may I ask you to obtain for me the different colors in which it is made, with prices—and then if I decide to purchase, will you be good enough to attend to it for me?
Miss Rachel B., ——, Mass.

Eleanor Painter wears a particularly charming gown in the Soirée Silk advertisement which appears in the January THEATRE—Can you tell me who made the gown or where I might have one duplicated in New York? I am unable to get to town very often and if you can help me out in this I shall be very grateful. Please give me full particulars when you write. *Miss L. M., Rhode Island.*

Being a reader of your magazine, I take the privilege of asking some information about some blouses in the last edition (March, 1916) of THE THEATRE. I'd like to know from what stores the blouses on page 172 of the March THEATRE could be purchased. Can you tell me? I would appreciate it, if you would write me a card giving me the above information. *Miss M. B., Willoughby Beach, Va.*

Please inform me at your earliest moment at what shops the sapphire jewelry and the hand embroidered collars, sketched on page 334 of the December, 1915, issue of the THEATRE can be purchased. I enclose a stamped envelope for your reply. Thanking you, I am,
Miss B. S., Greeley, Colo.

Rare and Interesting Rugs

THE heart of Greece," wrote the greatest of French critics, "reveals itself in the marble masterpieces of Phidias and Praxelites; the heart of Rome throbs in the paintings of the Italian masters." And the same analogy holds good in the art of Asia so that one may quite truly say that the heart of the Orient is wrought into the web and the woof of her wonderful rugs.

All the sensuous tropical love of beauty, all the religious feeling of the sun-bathed East gleams in the vari-colored loveliness of the prayer rug, the temple curtain, the Chinese carpet, the saddle cloth and the silken hanging blanket that have survived, changeless in their magnificent coloring for centuries to shame the fabrics of to-day by the undying loveliness of the rugs of ages of yesterdays.

The history of dynasties is preserved in some of the Chinese carpets shown at the Benguiat rooms, but the most interesting examples of all are doubtless prayer rugs and temple hangings gathered from mosques of Asia and from the ancient synagogues from which the worshippers were driven when the Jews were expelled from old Spain.

The gem of the collection of the late Charles T. Yerkes, is now embraced in this group of lovely rugs. It is, of course, of Hebrew origin, with Saracenic details and coloring As you see in the accompanying illustration the red field embraced within the double columns has for its central motif a large green chalice, bearing nine temple lamps woven in different colors, each of more pigmentary loveliness than the other. An arrow above the arabesque scrolls sustained by the mihrab spandrel is a transverse panel bearing the Talmudic inscription, "None but the just may enter," done in large Hebrew characters. Floral details are introduced below the sacredly symbolic chalice and in the green bordering, while the guard bands show star-like Saracenic devices with floral arabesques and leaf motifs. Date fifteenth century.

Indescribably beautiful, too, is a Damascus prayer rug with triple mihrab. This lustrous gem of the loving art of the rug maker of Asiatic Turkey is woven entirely in silk in the colors whose hues are of the lost arts of Tyrian dyers. The centre panel is of the changeless sacred Mahommedan green, with the mosque lamp glowing at the top like a star in the East. The two side panels are of ruby red relieved at the foot by tulip flowers. The framing border is done in arabesques of unusual grace and beauty on a back ground of a light blue tone rarely seen in such perfect dye. The accompanying leaf forms are developed in white, amber, and ruby of exceptional quality.

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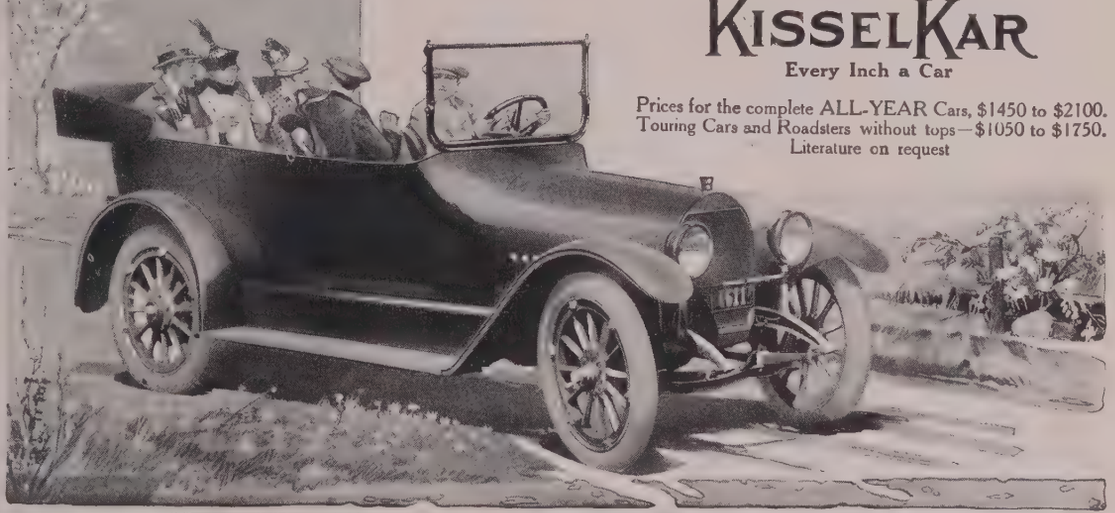

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La comédie de salon et la mode.

By Mlle. MANHATTAN

"Admonishing that we should dress us fairly."
—"Henry V," Act IV, Scene I.

LET no one persuade you, gentle reader, that Dame Fashion nods in her easy chair and drowses the idle hours away, during these grey and meagre days of Lent. Quite the contrary; never was she more active, more inventive, more capriciously changeable than at present. The frocks one ordered for Palm Beach in Mid-February went quite wrong before March winds ceased to blow, and as for hats—well, headgear simply reverses itself every week. More than ever is Society copying the fashions of the stage; and h-u-s-h! be amazed, be incredulous and indignant if you like, but it is a fact that Fifth Avenue is just a shade more extreme, just a faint, fleeting though more exaggerated in mode than is Broadway. The gorgeous butterflies of the theatre are eclipsed by the still more resplendent papillons that flutter from the avenue to Aiken, to Palm Beach and Miami during this sweet fast of Lent.

The waning season at the Metropolitan Opera House has emphasized the sartorial debt that Society owes the stage. At the last Butterfly night, when quite all the social stars who are still in town flocked to witness Geraldine Farrar's poignantly appealing Cio-Cio-San, I counted not less than seven stunning frocks which had their inspiration in various stage gowns. All were quite new, and each was something more elaborate than the costume it copied, but all seven clearly showed their origin, and proved that imitation is the sincerest flattery.

MISS KAHN

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who has accompanied her sister-in-law, Mrs. Orme Wilson, to numerous representations of her favorite operas, has shown some exquisitely beautiful frocks this season, and if one of her charming dresses is more lovely than any other, it is, I think, the coquet little costume in which I sketched her a few nights ago at Aiken, where she has been seen at every smart event at the Palmetto Club, or at Wilcox's, during her protracted stay at that resort. The little frock which quite evidently owed its origin to one of the beautiful dresses worn by Miss Mary Nash at the Playhouse, very charmingly emphasized Mrs. Astor's graceful carriage, and her unusually pretty arms and shoulders. Of dancing length (it was worn at one of the dansants given for Mrs. Astor's guests, Mr. and Mrs. Appleton Robins), this dainty creation is developed in the new rose Russe shade in soirée.

The skirt, which is of the latest type of jupons bouffants, is caught high at the sides over an underskirt of silver tissue with a band of old silver lace set about five inches from the edge. The newest thought—that of a third skirt, is indicated by a band of flat silk roses in orchid shades ranging from faint heliotrope through various sensitive tones of pink to a rich dark sulphur. Silver leaves add grace to this exquisite garlanding and a touch of finest art is given by little threads of gold—not silver—at the heart of each rose. Narrow bands of silver tissue laid quite flat so that they shall not interrupt the beautiful line of Mrs. Astor's shoulders, finish the low corsage of this adorable frock, and the same lace employed upon the lower skirt, peeps forth to edge the back and pass under the arms of the bodice. At the waist is a graceful swinging ornament of jet and gold to give the necessary touch of black which must appear on every gown that shows the mode of the day-after-to-morrow. And odd fan of rose and silver gauze with black pearl sticks was Mrs. Astor's inspired choice for this frock, and from her closely banded, impeccably well-coiffed hair to the tips of her smart slippers, she looked the fine flower of young American beauty, which she so pre-eminently suggests. You probably note the entire absence of the famous Astor jewels, which emphasizes the latest decree of fashion that at the Winter resort gleaming gems during Lent are taboo.

Miss Elizabeth Marbury and Miss Elsie de Wolfe, are making their perfect taste felt on the stage, just now, and the gowns which Mr. Melville Ellis has designed for the various stage productions in which Miss Marbury is interested, as well as for the little French singer, Irene Bordoni, whom she rescued from "chez-Fyscher" and launched in vaudeville, are the last word in good form for Spring models. Faibisy developed the costumes designed by Mr. Ellis for the little Bordoni, and one of them has been copied for a mi-carême dance, which will lift the pall of Lent for a moment from the fashionable world. Miss Marbury calls this dress the American beauty, and it is as lovely as its name flower. It is made of lustrous velvet exactly the shade of the rose, and has a circular skirt so full that it seems to fall like petals from the clearly defined waist line of the wearer. The bodice is cut with the stiffly close fitting effect seen in old Spanish pictures, and has a cluster of gleaming diamonds as its sole decor in front. The new cape sleeve, developed in gold lace and finished with gold tassels, falls from shoulder to hip on one side, and the other sleeve is a wisp of gold lace closely folded to the shoulder. A high Vandyk collar of stiffly wired gold lace studded with jewels rises several inches above the shoulder in the back, and quite makes up in height what the dress lacks in length—since the skirt escapes the floor by a trifle over nine inches.

You would quite gasp with horror should I mention the name of the exceedingly fashionable woman, who so far forgot the ascetic limits of Lent as to give a dinner dance a few nights ago, at which the most dazzling of Easter frocks made their first appearance. Shall I disclose the fact that Irene Langhorne, the pretty daughter of the Charles Dana Gibson, who is to be the earliest of this season's brides, was the belle of the event?

Miss Gibson received congratulations in an exquisite frock originated by Mrs. Copeland. It was of the new triple skirted genre, the under petticoat being of clinging white soirée (we have to write soirée in all

Photo Ira L. Hill MISS RYAN

our descriptions of the newest frocks, it seems), with two pointed tunics of white net decorated with clusters of grapes developed in silver tissue with pearly leaves. At each side the points of the upper tunic fell far below the under skirts forming long points that trailed in a deftly arranged "fish tail"—the nearest approach to a trail allowed in the newest gowns for young women.

If there is an actress whom Fifth Avenue finds smarter than any other, it is certainly Elsie Ferguson, whose marriage to young "Tom" Clarke will send her straight into the inner circle of the socially elect. Lunching with her fiancé and Miss Sedgwick at the Metropolitan Club last week, Miss Ferguson wore a costume in which dignity mingled with perfect chic. Black moiré of a peculiarly lustrous quality was the material employed, and the frock, which was a semi-tailored affair, was cut with the usual breadth and shortness of skirt. The hips were emphasized with moderately outstanding reeds and the bouffant fulness as it fell from the crinoline was arranged in rippling draperies of a novel smartness. Black moiré spats over beautifully cut shoes of patent leather had a straight row of large flat buttons placed close together to insure a perfect fit in those necessary but troublesome gaiters which make or mar a woman's footgear these days. It is no longer of a great chic to possess small feet, but to be perfectly booted is a cardinal virtue; and a boot cut on last season's last is an affront to the gods.

Skating boots are an important adjunct to the wardrobe of every fashionable woman, just now, and some stunning effects in *bottines à glace* are shown at the fashionable shoe shops on Fifth Avenue. A pair of lovely "skaters" recently from one of the arbiters of correct footwear to Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps were of soft but heavy pearl doeskin, with bright steel eyelets and flat lacings of the leather. Another pair designed for Mrs. Charles Dillingham was exactly similar but developed in white suède, while Mrs. Leonard Thomas skates in a short skirt of white corderoy with a fuzzy sport coat and St. Moritz cap of striped green and white. And now to be utterly base and disclose a State secret. Very definitely formed plans are on hand to urge the staid and stately governors of the Casino at Newport, to give us a chance to skate next summer at an indoor rink to be constructed within that sacred building. Should the powers that be prove obdurate in their objection to this plan, it is likely that an artificial lake of ice will be built inside a popular structure at Narragansett Pier, where devotees of the present furor for skating may indulge in that fascinating sport during the dog days. Just fancy skating and sea-bathing in the same breath, as it were.

If anyone knows which way the wind of fashion is blowing, it certainly is Mrs. Julian Gerard, and that most attractive young matron has caused anguish to her less prophetic sisters by appearing at Palm Beach in a bathing suit modelled on the skating costume worn by Charlotte, the premiere *patineuse* of the Hippodrome.

Since Mrs. Gerard has copied Charlotte's costume, that greatest of all skaters has returned the compliment, and has posed especially for THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in an exact replica of Mrs. Gerard's bathing suit, which is bound to be the correct wear at Newport if the indoor rink divides honors with Bailey's Beach next summer—as it is likely to do.

No dress seen on the stage has been more widely copied by fashionable women than the fetching pink frock worn by Miss Mary Ryan in "The House of Glass," at the Candler Theatre. Miss Ryan will celebrate Mi-carême by appearing, on Thursday evening, March 30th, just after this number of THE THEATRE appears, in a new frock of similar lines to the original "House of Glass" chef d'œuvre, but developed by Mme. Julie in primrose yellow chiffon over soirée silk. Miss Ryan has posed exclusively for THE THEATRE in this lovely dress, which will not be worn during the first half of Lent, but which will certainly serve as a harbinger of joy to brighten the last twenty days of the penitential period. Description of the tender little frock is almost unnecessary, since you can see its lines in the accompanying illustration, but I must beg you to notice that the newest note of Spring fashions is struck in the shimmery gold and silver idea of primrose chiffon trimmed with silver ribbon and roses to match.

A stage frock sure to be copied by smart modistes for dancing frocks for Easter, that worn by Mitzi, at the George M. Cohan Theater. Mitzi also posed specially for this magazine in the new Pom-Pom dress, and unless the photographer finishes her picture too late for this issue, the little frock will appear in another part of THE THEATRE. The triple skirt is developed in Irish lace over the palest primrose and bands of silk roses in shades known only to florists of cubistic ideas, bloom upon the plump shoulders of the small comedienne.

Valli-Valli, in the latest Cohan revue, is wearing a Dresden-China costume of blue soirée—are you quite tired of the word?—painted in great nosegays of vari-colored primroses—pink predominating—two lace flounces giving the indispensable triple skirt effect.

The most fascinating rendezvous for smart women and clever artists is the delightful atelier of Prince Pierre Troubetskoy, where Madame la Princesse, known to fame as Amelie Rives, who has just contributed "The Fear Market" to the stage, dispenses a charming hospitality in the brief intervals allowed this most indefatigable of novelists, from her activities in the field of literature and of the allied arts of painting and the drama. Yes, indeed, Madame Troubetskoy is a painter, too. Her charming little pictures are gems in their way. "I can't interest myself very deeply in frills," said she over a cup of tea (the cup was fine old Sevres, if you care for detail, and the tea was green Japan), "anything that is becoming and not fussy suits me." And if that isn't the whole gospel of gowns I don't know what you would call it. For what more can a frock be than becoming? And what is elegance and the highest *chic* except the utter absence of fussiness? And Madame was pouring the tea (green tea, you will remember, into an old Sevres cup) attired in a soft trailing négligée of ivory soirée full of lovely lights and shadows and with falls of Venetian lace mellow with age, and emphasized by—well you never would guess what that artful Bendel had devised to throw out the depth and richness of fabric and garniture so I will tell you, that the point of emphasis was given by velvet roses of half-golden brown. And the slender high arched foot that peeped forth from beneath the ivory billows of the long full confection was slippered in white with old copper buckles wonderfully wrought and twisted.

Jane Cowl, Mrs. George Gould, and Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin, admiring Chinese rugs at the Studio of Benguiat a few afternoons ago, exemplified how very smart black and touches of green may be. Mrs. Gould carried a green bead bag (Gorham). Miss Cowl wore a rough straw hat of emerald color, and Mrs. Haggin, who is in mourning, of course, for her father-in-law, the late J. B. Haggin, wore a white gardenia with glossy green leaves on her coat.

Looking at the French prints at Knoedler's one day recently, I saw Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., just up from the South; Countess de la Rochette, who thinks New York the greatest of winter resorts, and Mrs. Augustus Thomas. Mrs. August Belmont was also admiring a stray Fragonard, while Mrs. Philip Lydig was admiring. Mrs. Belmont, who wore a wonderfully becoming spring hat of rough straw with a crown of shaded roses.

If you want to know exactly what the smartest girls will choose for the early spring tailor-mades, turn away from the elaborate constructed frocks worn by their elders, and choose as Miss Maud Kahn, the débutante daughter of the banker and over lord of the Metropolitan Opera, has chosen a simple short skirted affair with the faintest possible touches of braid to relieve its Spartan plainness. Miss Kahn was the very first girl selected, by the way, to be one of the "buds" to assist in the "Red Cross Tea Garden" at the big Flower Show from April 5th to 12th. At last season's show, Miss Kahn sold seeds; this year I expect she will sell the resultant blossoms. Accompanying is a photograph of Miss Kahn in her plainest and prettiest "tailor-made."

LE DERNIER MOT.

Tappe is showing the modes of next month in veils which are more figured than ever—but small.

Wrist watches? Pouf! They are of the vogue ancienne of yesterday. Mrs. Ogden Mills Reid and Geraldine Farar have introduced the last tick of time in watches which are carried in

(*Continued on page 263*)

CHARLOTTE

Miss Ann Murdock, the heroine of "A Beautiful Adventure" and more recently applauded in the star cast revival of "A Celebrated Case," will make her bow shortly as a full-fledged Star. Miss Murdock is shown wearing a hat specially designed by Knox.

© Ira L. Hill

BILLIE BURKE IN GOWN OF

Soirée Silk

BY HENRI BENDEL

Soiree—the ultra dress silk and La Jerz, the Jersey weave sport silk that does not stretch or slip, are the two sensational silk successes of the Season.

GENUINE R&T SILKS

Creations of Rogers & Thompson, makers of silks par excellence.

Footlight Fashions

Photo Sarony

MISS BILLIE BURKE
Gown of Soirée Silk specially designed by Bendel

Miss Billie Burke has turned her back to let us see what a jeweled pocket and a few deft touches in the way of draping will do to a pannier. Above the waist line is a riot of colorful sequins veiled in chiffon and much of Miss Billie Burke, also veiled in the same lightsome material. A trailing rose vine starts with a great full-blown rose at the belt and winds a flowery path of buds and baby roses across one arm and around the other.

For any information regarding articles described in Footlight Fashions kindly address, Shopping Department—Theatre Magazine, 8 West 38th Street, New York.

Another sports costume of awning striped Palm Beach Cloth departs a bit from the rules of the game in its frilly wrist ruffles and fichu. Miss Ann Murdock, however, who is shown wearing this frock and the other one on this page says it wouldn't be a truly feminine dress if it didn't.

Many features has this costume of Palm Beach Cloth which should especially appeal to devotees of Summer Sports. It is enough like a suit to come under that useful classification, yet at the same time it preserves all of the lines and conveniences of a one-piece frock. The material itself, with its awning stripes and laundering qualities is particularly suitable for the kind of service one is apt to give Sport Togs.

Both of these suits were specially originated by H. Milgrim & Bros. Hats from Knox.

Photos Ira L. Hill

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It comes in many dainty shades and patterns, and the label bearing the Palm Beach trade-mark will be found in every garment made of the Genuine cloth.

Be careful to avoid imitations. Insist on the *Genuine.* The label is your safe-guard.

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Creations of The Theatre Magazine

HAVE you ever wondered how the actress contrives always to be a little, sometimes a year, ahead of the style? By what method of thought she can say "this will be a successful gown"—"that is a style that will not last"?

Well, we have. And inasmuch as THE THEATRE—being of the theatre and actresses and actors—allows a delightfully close (editorially close, we mean) friendship with some of the loveliest, most beautiful hatted, and exquisite gowned, women of the stage—we went behind the scenes and asked them—*"Sst!! How is't done?"*

And it's just as simple—

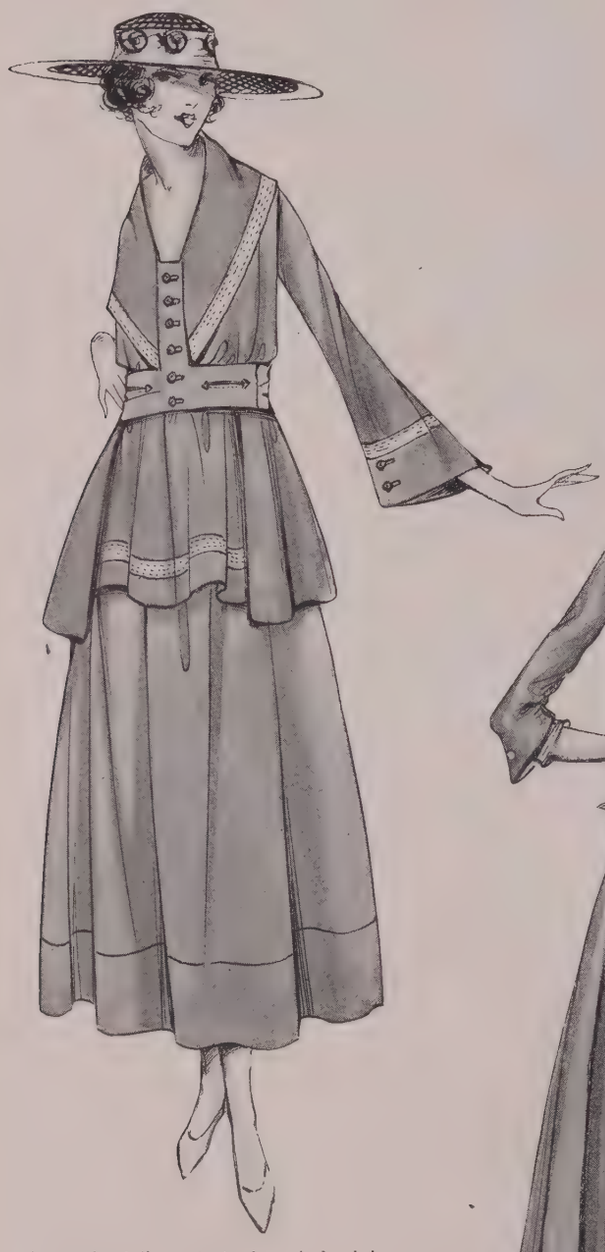
There are people—no, *artists*—who make a profession—it's always a profession if your charges are high—of sleuthing on the trail of style, fashion, la mode. So we hunted out the most famous professor and we said—just like this, off-hand you know, "make us some for our readers—real, spiffing things that will live."

And here they are.

Back views will be supplied on request and materials needed specified.

A filmy peach colored Georgette Crêpe needs changeable taffetas in the skirt and bodice to lend it substance and a touch of old blue to give it character. The écru lace was added for no reason at all save that of beauty.

Black tulle, touched off with orange; orange satin, toned down with black; and glimpses of silver lace and silver tissue brocaded in jet. A heavy headed silver rose poses on one side.



A rosy hued linen sports dress is banded in white piqué, heavily stitched in rose. Only that, and a few pearl buttons are all that it boasts in the way of trimming.

The interesting points on a tailored street costume of tan Pongee are emphasized by its white faille trimmings—white faille most audaciously striped in red! The vest and under-sleeves are of white batiste and carry the red color note in their pipings, as do the red buttons.

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Costumes set apart from the usual by an individuality of treatment distinctively Bonwit Teller & Co.

And it is a distinction not dependent on elaborateness or the bizarre—but rather on repression—simplicité.

Negligee of chiffon d'or brocaded in turquoise velvet. Gold bandings and tassels. Cap of chiffon bordered with gold sequins. Mules of gold brocade.

Demi-tailleur suit—a reproduction of a Callot model—in brown Giraldi silk and satin brocade in "old-fashioned-garden" colorings. Twisted straw turban with dove.

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Madame Alda
and
La Bohême

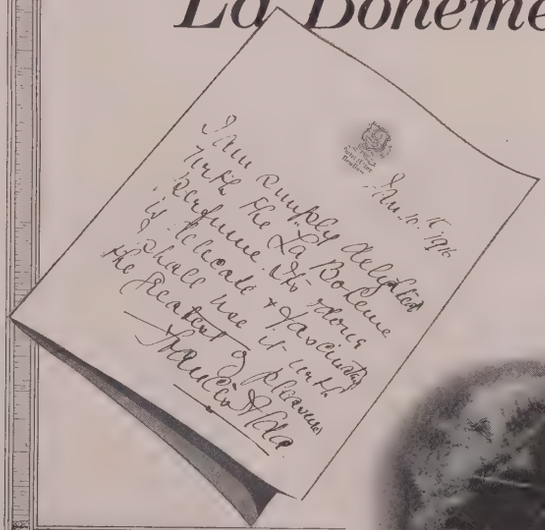

Photo Mishkin

La Bohême, Arly's Masterpiece, can be obtained at the best stores for $4.00.

Vivaudou (Dept. U, Times Bldg., N. Y.) will send a generous sample for twenty-five cents.

Clothes Seen On The Stage

Miss Sanderson will not wear extremes in anything. No sleeveless gowns or very short skirts for her! This second-act gown from "Sybil" is of silver cloth embroidered with tiny crystal beads and combined with blue chiffon in a color that matches Miss Sanderson's eyes,—deep cerulean with a touch of indigo.

Miss Sanderson insists on soft "squshy" clothes—velvets, chiffons. This one is of the last-named material in a chartreuse shade girdled with a chain in links of old gold. The way the cuffs on the sleeves run to a slight dip-up at the back of the arm is a novel hint for your new frock.

Photo White

When War-Time necessitates giving the principle performances at European theatres in the afternoon, because "lights out" is the order of the night, Paris immediately invents the proper headdress to wear when one's hat must not really be a hat but part of one's coiffure. Miss Julia Sanderson is wearing one of those dainty dreams of silver wire and embroidered lace which becomingly cups her face and discretely screens her hair. It is caught back here and there with a rosebud or two.

MISS JULIA SANDERSON was talking, the other evening in her dressing-room at the Liberty, on the subject of color in clothes. "The late Mr. Frohman," she said, "always preferred me in blue. He wanted me to have at least one blue dress in every production of his, and always insisted upon seeing it." Miss Sanderson gave an amused smile at some recollection—"that that particular dress was far superior to the other frocks, regardless of whether it really were or no."

Miss Sanderson seemed to rebel a little at this arbitrary wishing on her of the color blue. Pink and white, she thought, suited her equally well. Still whether from chance or design the walls of her snug little nest of a dressing-room were blue—blue framed in white woodwork and hung with blue and white chintzes—and when you saw how beautifully they backgrounded Miss Sanderson and brought out the color of her truly remarkable eyes—eyes with enormous dark pupils and that dark rim around the iris, infrequently seen but the real "making" of a blue eye—you had to admit that there was something in Mr. Frohman's preference. That is if the shade of blue is to be a deep cerulean

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Flushing, L. I.,
March 1st, 1916.

To The H. W. Gossard Co.

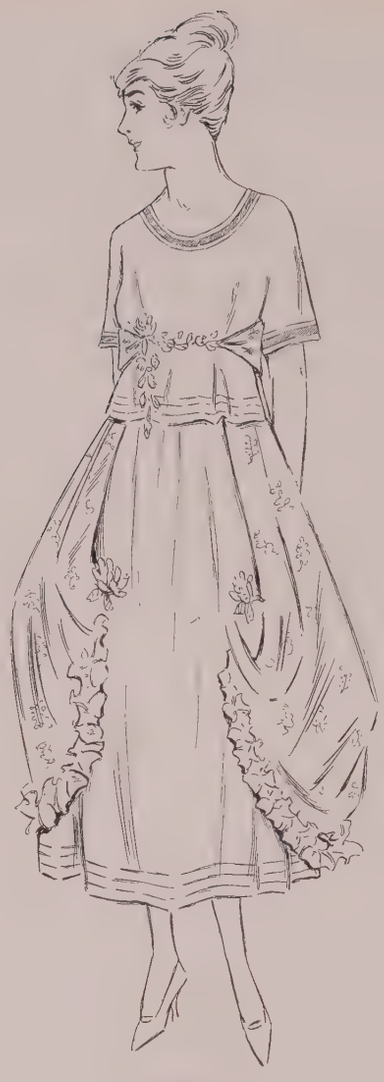
Dear Sirs:

Yes! I do wear the Gossard Corset, although I must admit I was very much against a front laced corset until I was converted to yours.

Yours very truly,

Olga Petrova

Such an exquisite color combination as Giddings has put together in this frock! Pale yellow, a creamy shadow lace, old blue and an American beauty rose.



Only an artist could have combined the very deep red on a scarlet rather than a crimson tone—of the taffeta overskirt and the pinkish lavender-red of the chiffon and harmonized the two shades in the little vine of flowers. And the artist is Gidding. (center, above)

White chiffon, white faille and strips of embroidered beading in a bright yellow suggest the early spring flowers in this model from Bonwit Teller. The skirt shows an irregularity in the bottom line, and it wears its bit of crinoline too.

If a spring dress doesn't have a pannier it has a reed or a crinoline. So a reed has this Pompadour ribbon frock (below) combined with a fine Valenciennes lace from Bonwit Teller & Co. Over it goes a very new taffeta cape in vivid pink lined with pale blue crêpe de chine.

like the postcards of Italian skies (postcards is as near as I've come to them) deepened with a dash of indigo. That was the tone of the wall covering and of the chiffon combined with silver cloth in Miss Sanderson's second-act dress.

THE SCARCITY OF SIMPLICITY.

The charming lady lines herself up with the long list of actresses who look first of all for simplicity in clothes.

"I know that's not being a bit original of me," apologized Miss Sanderson. "Most of us on the stage do yearn for the simplified frock—that at the same time you understand, is artistic. But isn't it surprising, considering the demand, how hard such a combination is to find? It seems to be one of the most difficult things to pull off."

(It is. And doubtless a reason why Tolstoy defines simplicity as the greatest artistic achievement!)

"I've been buying clothes all day," pursued Miss Sanderson, "and I must confess I don't like it very much. One gets so fed up with stage clothes and going through the numerous changes. When I must shop I like to do it nowadays at the big department stores, and save myself time and trouble. For the same reason I just live in a blouse and skirt."

At the time Miss Sanderson was wearing an unusual and altogether delightful blouse and skirt, the one of white crêpe de chine, hand embroidered here and there with pink motifs, the other of a soft dark blue chiffon velvet patterned in a flower design of a lighter shade of blue and touches of brown. The skirt hung from a yoke and was girdled in dark blue velvet. A combination of simplicity and charm, if you like! Only don't attempt the plaited velvet unless you have Miss Sanderson's lithe slenderness on which to get away with it.

"I love soft 'squshy' clothes—velvets—chiffons," said Miss Sanderson. "The softer a material the more it appeals to me. And my mother says that if I could only find a dress that would crush up into the palm of one hand I would be perfectly satisfied."

Which proves that Miss Sanderson is a real Fairy Tale Princess. (You remember that those in the old Fairy Tales could only be properly fitted out with materials fine enough to go through a small gold ring.) She likes nothing extreme, and positively will not wear a sleeveless gown nor a very short skirt. She commented on the extremes where Age and Modern Dressing meet.

"Put in a plea for a real dear old lady or two again in our lives," she remarked as she wafted us a gracious adieu.

For any information regarding articles described in Footlight Fashions kindly address, Shopping Department—Theatre Magazine, 8 West 38th Street, New York.

THE WEST END

Introducing the season's newest fashion. A large hat originated by RAWAK.

For sale at all leading dealers.

48 West 38th Street, New York

PARIS RAWAK LONDON

America's Best Sport Hats

"She has distinct personality - you would not pass her without at least noting her style."

Charming, yes, and what makes personality but clothes, and what gives clothes character?—the figure that "sets" them off.

To what then, should we give our first thought in dress?

The corset—that it should mould our form into its perfect shape so subtly and so well that it seems a part of one's very self.

Redfern Corsets

worn by Mrs. Vernon Castle because as she says, "The Redfern I am wearing is really more comfortable than no corset at all. It supports but always allows me perfect freedom."

Three to Twenty-five Dollars
At All High-Class Stores

or

The Redfern Corset Shops
510 Fifth Avenue, New York
19 East Madison Street, Chicago
114 Grant Avenue, San Francisco

The Warner Brothers Company

Every Woman's Corset

This newest spring model in the Gossard front-lace corset has a medium low bust, medium length skirt and the slightly pinched-in waist. The front-lace corset was the idea of a foreign Countess, whose inspiration came from studying the free and graceful lines of the Venus de Milo, and sold originally at prohibitive prices. It is due to the American manufacturer that it is a garment now within the reach of all.

Primarily the Goodwin was a physiological corset, and each bone and seam, therefore, are designed to come in the proper place on the body. Perhaps that is why a smart actress noted for her beautiful figure, who swears by the Goodwin, described it as "a corset that rests you."

As the new gowns are demanding a slightly pinched-in waist the new spring corset must conform. Redfern gets around the situation, as you may see in the above sketch, by introducing two side seams and two little V-shaped gussets which give to the corset the proper spring. The Redfern shop on Fifth Avenue makes a specialty of encouraging its patrons to have every corset—whether a three or a fifteen dollar model—fitted before buying.

We have chosen each corset on this page for some one distinctive point. In shopping around we made many discoveries that you in turn may discover—if you will read carefully the captions. For instance, a knowledge of the reinforcement of special points has added much to the grace of line of the modern corset.

The corset of elastic webbing has come to stay and one should be in Everywoman's wardrobe, even if she only uses it for dancing or for sport. Those who wish for the least possible restriction in a corset find the Treo Elastic Girdle, with its carefully selected, washable, elastic webbing, the best on the market. The one above in pink webbing, with its pink brocaded coutil front and an occasional pink-covered bone is highly ornamental as well.

WE'VE had the corset with us since the twelfth century, so the interesting medical director of the Treo Corset Company told me—though at that early date it was a masculine prerogative and the adjunct of warriors. Not till somewhat later did the feminists of the time usurp the garment and then they used it more in the nature of our modern brassiere than as a sustainer and modeler of the whole figure. Catherine de Medici, it seems, initiated the latter use for the corset in a royal edict to the ladies of her court, commanding them to wear stays that gave no more than a thirteen-inch waist.

The paths that the corset has taken from that period to this are much too devious to admit here, but you can see that it has traveled a long way to become the subtle and highly efficient vesture that it is to-day.

A corset, as the Redfern people rightly explain, should conceal your bad points and bring out your good ones. The corset is a very individual thing and as the basis of all dressing, delineative, in a way, of a woman's personality. Therefore it should always be fitted to her.

Actresses have long realized the importance of the corset in gowning and two of the most vital changes in its make-up—the straight front and the long skirt—were due respectively to Sarah Bernhardt and Lillian Russell.

We have chosen a quartette of models of different makes to show here, the Goodwin, the Redfern, the Gossard and the Treo. Each model was selected with a view to its being most representative of its particular make. But each corset firm, of course, puts out numerous other models besides the one shown. It would be a lady *très difficile* indeed who could not find the five different makes, or the different models of any one make something to harmonize with her personality.

The Goodwin, the Gossard and the Redfern are all offering new models showing concession to the slightly pinched-in waist of the Spring (it sounds more ominous than it really is) though each attains its effect in its own individual way. It's up to you to choose which one you prefer after you have carefully examined the merits of each. The Treo people believe more or less in allowing the big-waisted freedom we have enjoyed during the past few years and letting the dress, if necessary, do the work.

We are indebted, by the way, to the manufacturers who first put out the front lace corset in this country for placing it within the reach of a reasonable income. As the idea originated in the brain of a foreign Countess—inspired to emulation by the lines of the Venus de Milo—and was worked out for her by Margaine Lecroix the initial front—lace was sold at prohibitive prices and worn entirely by those of the European nobility who could afford such luxuries.

To make a quick descent from the sublimity of Continental Courts, and give a parting hint, do you realize the importance of the quality of elastic in your garters and the need of seeing that they are kept up to the mark, if your corset is to retain its shape?

For any information regarding articles described in Footlight Fashions kindly address, Shopping Department—Theatre Magazine, 8 West 38th Street, New York.

Peck & Peck

New Spring Hosiery for Women

22—Superior quality white silk stockings with six-cluster stripes, in black, blue, red, purple, green or gold. A medium weight and an admirable wearing quality, **$5.00.**

50—Finest French silk evening stockings in black, with very distinctive inserted panel of black embroidery on white. Gives very slender lines, **$10.00.**

1005S—New Sport Stockings. Finest quality Ribbed Scotch Wool for Golf, Tennis or Tramping. Delightfully soft texture. In white or 25 new spring shades, **$3.00.**

Mail Order Facilities

Mail orders should be addressed to our shop at 586 Fifth Avenue, where they will be filled the day they are received. Any orders not filled to entire satisfaction may be returned, and their price will be cheerfully refunded. Deliveries are free within the United States. With references, we will be glad to open charge accounts, or to send selections on approval to travelers in any part of the world. Any or all selections may be returned at our expense. Illustrated Booklet on Request.

PECK & PECK EXCLUSIVE HOSIERY

448 Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
586 Fifth Avenue at 47th Street
NEW YORK CITY

F. 21**—Tailored model in Colored Handkerchief Linen. New front effect, fastening with two pearl buttons drawn through piped buttonholes. Collar and cuffs finished in White Pique. Colors—Rose, Flesh, Blue, Nile, Maize, Tan and Helio .....* ***Price, $5.50

Same model in crêpe cashmere and crêpe de chine. White only ..... ***Price, $7.50***

JOHN FORSYTHE & SONS
3 WEST 42nd STREET NEW YORK

For that refreshing cleanliness indispensable to the dainty woman, try

PACKER'S
LIQUID TAR SOAP
(PERFUMED)

Shampoo . Toilet . Bath

Please Note the Change in Our Address
(2 BLOCKS ABOVE ON BROADWAY, STRAND THEATRE BLOCK)

Personal Notice To Patrons

YOU have increased our business so much that the facilities of the old shop fell far short of our requirements as well as yours.

So we have taken the first floor in the new building on the Southwest corner of Broadway and 48th St., one flight up. Use elevator.

The wonderful values, that made you a patron, will continue as heretofore. Some especially attractive consignments of chic Spring frocks were obtained for your selection during the opening month.

Visiting the new shop before going elsewhere for apparel for street, afternoon or evening wear, will be more worth while than ever.

MAXON · Model·Gowns ESTAB. 1899.
·1587 Broadway at 48th St.·New York City·

The Odell Safety

25c It's the slickest little tool you ever saw; it pares off corns and callouses in thin wafers without injury to the foot. This little combined safety razor and corn razor is just the thing at this age, for Ladies use when decollete attire is quite the rage. **Efficient for either purpose.** It is equipped with three keen shaving blades, complete for 25c postpaid on receipt of price.

The Odell Mfg. Co., 404 Fisher Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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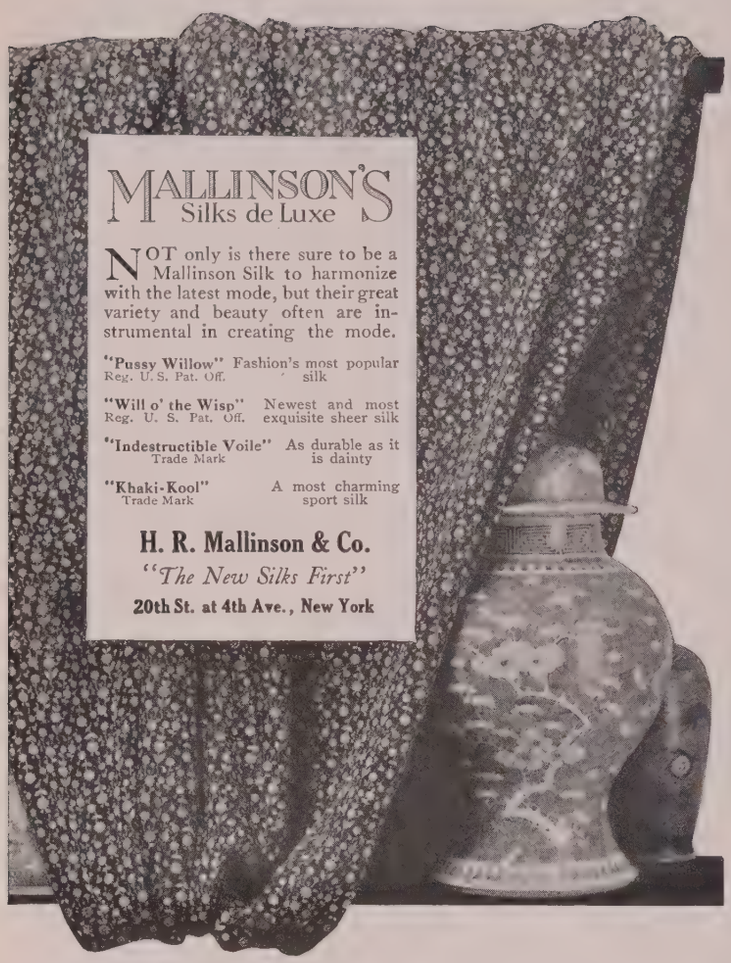
INTRODUCES

A NEW PATENTED SAFETY RIDING SKIRT

Pronounced by Prominent Equestriennes as the Only Successful Patented Safety Skirt Now in Use

Parents will find it most important to equip their children with the Nardi Safety Habit

73 West 47th Street, New York



MALLINSON'S
Silks de Luxe

NOT only is there sure to be a Mallinson Silk to harmonize with the latest mode, but their great variety and beauty often are instrumental in creating the mode.

"Pussy Willow" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. — Fashion's most popular silk

"Will o' the Wisp" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. — Newest and most exquisite sheer silk

"Indestructible Voile" Trade Mark — As durable as it is dainty

"Khaki-Kool" Trade Mark — A most charming sport silk

H. R. Mallinson & Co.
"The New Silks First"
20th St. at 4th Ave., New York

Playing The One Night Stands

IT is not on lengthy trips, but in small wanderings, that one suffers most, the inconveniences of travel. When one has twenty trunks she can be supplied with every possible need in any circumstance, but when the burden of one's luggage must be reduced to "a bag," it emphasizes the difficulty of keeping spruce and smart outside of one's boudoir.

An actress of discriminating taste, and well known for her carefully groomed appearance, runs away every time she gets a chance on short excursions from town. She returns in the most delightfully unexpected way, with never a stray hair, or a loose end to betray the "stains of travel."

As this lady is smartness to the *nth* degree, and as her collection of the latest inventions in traveling paraphernalia is as complete as the most imaginative woman could possibly wish for, we have lifted bodily the favorites of her possessions, and had them photographed for this page.

And while we're talking about what's what in the "made of leather" species, let's say a word or two about the newest hand-bags. Except for the fact that they boast of little or no toilet appointments, they are of a capacity that might easily carry one "over night" in an emergency.

The largest on this page has a nine-inch frame and as many mysterious compartments as a Sheraton secretary. The square-bag with the shaped handles is a sort of cross between a purse and a safe deposit, for its spring lock securely snaps the handles together and only the tiny key can open them again.

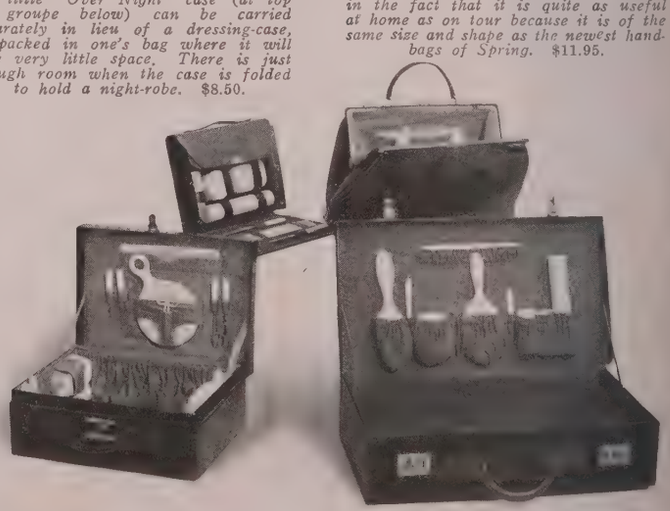
What may be accomplished when a green pin seal strap handle bag takes to itself a green moiré lining and a change purse, card case and a swinging mirror. $12.95.

The secret of this mysterious black bag (directly below) lies hidden in its polished auto-leather depths, for only she can enter who possesses the enchanted silver key. $5.95.

Severely handsome in line, black pin seal with a fawn moiré lining in color, and nine inches in size, are the specifications for the 1916 *Handbag—to the right. The price is* $15.95.

Destined to have an enormous success, the little "Over Night" case (at top of groupe below) can be carried separately in lieu of a dressing-case, or packed in one's bag where it will take very little space. There is just enough room when the case is folded to hold a night-robe. $8.50.

Really a dressing-case, but traveling incognito as a purse is the small bag below. Of black auto-leather, fitted in French ivory, its appeal lies largely in the fact that it is quite as useful at home as on tour because it is of the same size and shape as the newest hand-bags of Spring. $11.95.



This black morocco case stopped a bit at size and turned its attention to being smartness intact. A trim craft, this, measuring only fourteen inches from stem to stern, but rigged for wind or weather, calm or squall: $29.00.

"I am for preparedness" says a black crêpe seal-grain goatskin dressing-case; so it fitted its cover with white ivory shells, plenty of powder, and similar ammunition for battling for Beauty. $19.50.

"There is a way to Good Health and a Perfect Figure,"

says Annette Kellermann.

Don't you realize that the only way to improve Nature is through natural methods? *Drugs* and *apparatus* usually show no results and are often injurious. Under my system **fifteen minutes each day in the privacy of your own room, is sufficient.** Surely, you want to find out more about a system that has been followed successfully by so many other refined and intelligent women.

Miss Alice Brady whose face, form and charms have won her thousands of admirers, tells of the results she has obtained through my methods, in the following note:—

Dear Miss Kellermann:

I want to thank you for the wonderful benefits I have derived from your course of physical culture. It proved most helpful to me when I was nervous and run down. Not only did it restore my normal health but by following your instructions I have greatly improved my figure, carriage and poise.

I am glad to recommend your course to any of my sex whose health is below par or who desire to improve their appearance.

Yours very truly,

Alice Brady

My new booklet "THE BODY BEAUTIFUL," is fully illustrated with photographs of myself, explaining my system. Just send a two-cent stamp and it will be mailed to you FREE, to-day.

You owe it to yourself, at least to investigate

ANNETTE KELLERMANN Suite 103 T
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This is charming

CLEO MAYFIELD

The star of "The Blue Paradise" who writes—
"The Treo Girdle is the most perfect corset I ever used,"
and an actress is most exacting about her corsets.

THE TREO ELASTIC GIRDLE

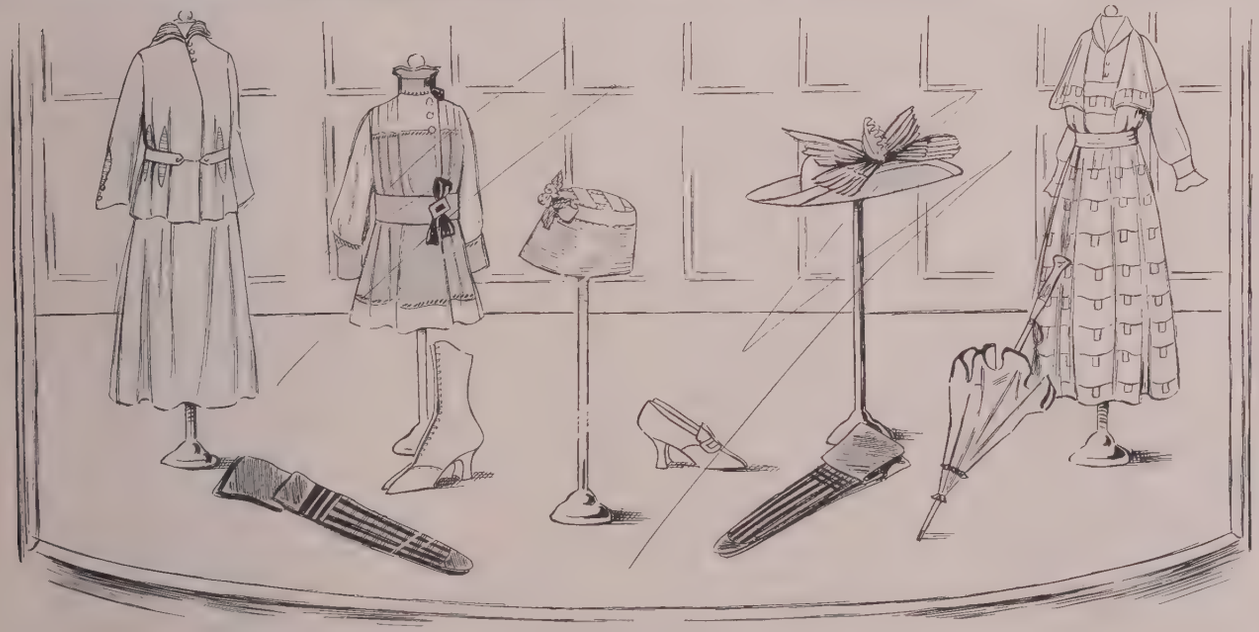
is made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web which gives freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. Boned only at the back and front which affords ample support without a particle of uncomfortable pressure. It is the most popular

CORSET FOR STYLISH WOMEN

because it is the best suited for prevailing fashions, and combines grace with absolute comfort. Whether for street wear, dancing, evening wear or on the links, its construction and material make it equally suited for fashionable women or athletic girls. Ten to sixteen inches long, white and flesh pink, retail $2.00 to $7.00. If your local dealer cannot supply you, write for free booklet. Do not accept a Substitute Garment.

TREO COMPANY, Inc.

160-E Fifth Avenue New York



A Window In Spring

A naively girlish navy straw poke has a checker board top of rose ribbon. Posed on a flat tailored bow directly in front are a quartet of tiny shiny metal roses. $7.95.

When a Havanah brown milan hat has a faile silk facing, who can blame it for rolling back half of its brim. Two wings and a smartly plaited ribbon "cocarde," also brown, take to its upturned brim. $12.50.

A Georgette crêpe frock of that delicate smoky gray that Paris loves, is trimmed with Lanvin loops adangle and wide tucks running round and round. $45.00.

Slashed here, there and everywhere with triangular inserts of Jenny Plaid silk, a navy blue serge suit owns two ball buttons of sapphire and silver. The belt doesn't reach —quite—so it resorts to a ball and chain to finish the way. $39.50.

Of strong Russian tendencies is a blouse that may be worn either under or over a separate skirt. Most of it is taupe taffetas, but the sleeves, yoke and the band around the bottom are of taupe crêpe. A tiny thread of gold embroidery assist two black velvet ribbon bows aslant to form the trimming. $17.50.

With a whisper from Paris that skirts are slowly climbing even shorter than they have yet dared be, one wonders not that high boots have come to stay. A pair of cream colored kid have entirely new lines and a spotless sole of a mysterious white something bootmakers call "ivory." $11.00.

With flashing buckles the Colonial Slipper takes its place in the Spring array of Period Fashions along with spreading crinolines. These are of soft gray kid with a perfectly different heel. They are priced at $7.00.

Black, white and red stripes arranged in a sort of Scot's plaid effect are a new note in hosiery and very smart for the low cut shoes of Spring. $4.75.

Impartially striped in gold and black, a pair of Royal rib stockings are specially priced at $3.95.

Flares are by no means confined merely to one's skirt or jacket. A parasol of bisque taffetas has as many ripples as a Spring brooklet, but its vagrant disposition is somewhat bound by a brown silk cording. $6.50.

For any information regarding articles described in Footlight Fashions kindly address, Shopping Department—Theatre Magazine, 8 West 38th Street, New York.

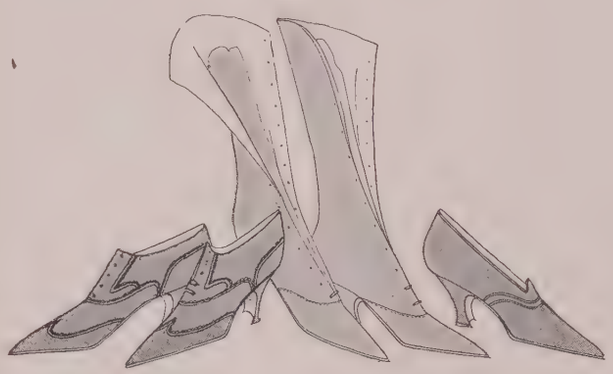
CAMMEYER

Branch De Luxe

381 Fifth Avenue New York

Exclusive footwear for Men Women & Children

De Luxe Catalogue on Request to Department 400



BENJAMIN BENGUIAT

known to art collectors and connoisseurs as one of the greatest rug experts of his time.

ANNOUNCES

A most unusual exhibition and sale of rare Oriental and Chinese rugs.

A readjustment of the business necessitates the disposal of the late Benguiat & Keresey stocks, at greatly reduced prices.

Windsor Arcade, 569 5th Ave. N.Y.

WE heartily recommend all of the articles mentioned in *Footlight Fashions.* If the question of different and special sizes, colors, prices or quality of any of them arises with you, do not hesitate to write Anne Archbald. She will give you all possible information, and it leaves you under no obligation to purchase. *Theatre Magazine Shopping Service.*

Shedding the Spring Shower

Doubly belted, a coat of tweed, while not absolutely storm-proof, will nicely shed a Spring shower. The high collar is convertible so that the coat is equally smart when the storm clears up. $19.50.

Either part of this umbrella is worth while. One to "Keep Your Powder Dry" and the tiny timepiece was added to "watch your step" on a rainy day. $15.00.

(at the right) A coat that lends itself beautifully to the requirements of both a storm coat and a light Spring wrap, comes in green and brown mottled "Jersette." The cloth has been made waterproof and the velvet collar, green buttons and unusual cuffs make it style-proof. $17.50.

Startlingly new and exceedingly smart is a navy blue "umbrell" with a border facing of black and white stripes. The gunmetal handle has a convenient bracelet. $6.50.

DURING that damp, moist season just preceding the May flowers period, when raincoats are the rule, it is wise to borrow a hint or two from the well-chosen wardrobes of the Ladies of Stageland who are so used to looking attractive under any and all conditions, that even a deluge or a flood cannot baffle them.

It is certainly hard to look one's prettiest when a steady downpour is taking the curl out of one's hair and a tempestuous wind is whipping it into pathetic strands. Raindrops, trickling down one's face very often plough most annoying canals on a well-powered nose, so choose your rain togs with an eye to becomingness under most unfavorable circumstances.

Designed especially for "Dog Days." This gentleman is a thoroughbred and will obligingly open his mouth if you press the knob at his throat. $5.00.

Somewhat "Japanesy" is a carved wooden handle, lacquered black and white in a floral design. $5.00.

Instead of the same old umbrella with a new handle, the Tiny Roll is a brand new umbrella with the same old handle. It is especially light in weight and compactly rolls itself into the slimness of a walking stick. $3.50.

Goloshes and mackintoshes are seldom attractive, but this season many of the manufacturers have seen the great field for improvement along these lines with a result that some really good-looking storm coats are now obtainable.

Another exponent of the smartness of cravanetted Gabardine for storm-coats is this snugly buttoned one, belted and pocketed, with little straps to make the belt stay put. $13.50.

She wouldn't in the least mind pattering around in the rain with an apple green taffetas umbrella for a companion that snubs its nose at the leaden sky. The end of each rib is tipped with tortoise sheil. $5.00.

Violet

Pronounced (VE-O-LAY)

Paris. France

Toilet and Bath Soaps

Manufactured and marketed

for over one hundred years

Only the finest grades

BATH SOAP

Large 6 oz. oval square tablet. Most remarkable soap made for the price.

Rose, Verveine, Almond, Lavender, Eau de Cologne

25c. each

Wrapped Toilet Soap

in Violette, Rose, Santal, Bitter Almonds

25c. each

ROYAL DE THRIDACE

50c. per cake

No. 51 COLD CREAM SOLIDIFIE

Finest soap in the world

50c. per cake

AMBRE ROYAL

$1.00 per cake

BOUQUET FARNESE

$1.75 per cake

AMOROSA

$2.00 per cake

POSTAGE EXTRA ON ALL PRICES

These soaps are from twelve to eighteen months maturing, and are *all* SOAP; hence the economy. A smooth, delightful lather, and the satisfaction of using the BEST. Ask for VE-O-LAYS

Makers of the celebrated

AMBRE ROYAL POWDER

Sold in the best Shops all over the world, or on receipt of price

Frank M. Prindle & Co.

71 West 35th Street, New York

DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from Face, Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL COMPANY

339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. CR, Chicago, Illinois

Pure Honey is Healthful. Use it Freely

Give it to the Children all the time

In the kitchen it is indispensable

Send **one dollar** for a **five** pound can of **Pure White Clover Honey.** (All charges paid within 150 miles of New York. Elsewhere 20 cents extra).

ERNEST G. PETERKIN

Chappaqua, N. Y.

Décolleté

Conformity with modern fashion is rendered harmless, easy, and convenient by the use of

Evans's Depilatory

This soft powder is effective in removing superfluous hair without injury to the skin. Occasional use keeps the skin free.

50c for complete outfit, including mixing dish, spoon and powder. For sale at most drug- and department-stores, or by mail. Money back if you want it.

George B Evans

1104 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia Pa

Makers of "Mum"

NEW YORK'S "BEAUTY SPOT"

SURELY it has a perfect right to the title—that charming house at No. 15 East Forty-ninth Street—for there the great gift of beauty is distributed generously and ungrudgingly by the famous Complexion Specialiste, Madame Helena Rubinstein.

Those who have lost the beauty they once were proud of; those who wish for a greater share of good looks than fell to their lot to possess, or those who desire to prevent the impress of time, stress and worry on the face—all these may enter this *Maison de Beauté Valaze* with the feeling of certainty that the greatest possible measure of facial charm will be imparted to them if they will follow the advice given there.

Madame Rubinstein, to whose tender care have been entrusted the complexions of the world's famous beauties; she, who in her Paris and London salons has treated Royalty, places her expert knowledge and art at your disposal.

If you live too far to visit Mme. Rubinstein, your letter will command her sincerest attention and interest just the same.

Index of Products For Mme. Rubinstein's Patrons

Herewith appended names and prices of some products most generally used:

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood: Maintains the complexion in the pink of condition—free from sallowness, incipient wrinkles and passé appearance. $1.00, $2.00 and $6.00.

Valaze Outdoor Balm "Rose" guards the skin against blistering, chapping and discoloration due to drying winds or sun. Unequalled as a foundation for powder. Price $1.50, $3.00 and $5.00.

Valaze Liquidine overcomes oiliness and "shine" of the skin and undue flushing of nose and face. Price $1.50, $2.75 and $5.50.

Valaze Complexion Soap. Price $.70 and $1.25.

Valaze Complexion Powder, for normal and oily skin; *Novena Poudre,* for dry skin. Price $1.00, $2.50 and $4.50.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste refines coarse skin texture, removes blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. $1.00, $2.00 and $5.00.

Valaze Roman Jelly, an astringent balm which consolidates and makes firm loose and flaccid tissues. $1.50 and $3.00 a bottle.

Mme. Rubinstein's celebrated booklet "Comment se fait la Beaute" (Beauty in the Making) will be forwarded gratis on receipt of postage (2c.).

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

15 East 49th Street

NEW YORK GITY

LONDON, W. : : : : 24 Grafton Street

PARIS : : : : : 255 Rue Saint Honore

SAN FRANCISCO : : Miss Ida Martin, Hotel Fairmont, Apt. 700

PHILADELPHIA : : Mme. Rose Schachman, 2536 W. Somerset Street

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

The demand for Mme. Rubinstein's preparations in all parts of the country has become so insistent that she has decided to appoint representatives in various cities, and, she is now prepared to consider applications for Agencies. Suitable applicants will receive every encouragement.

"No, I don't take chances I use

HYGIENOL

GUARANTEED STERILIZED

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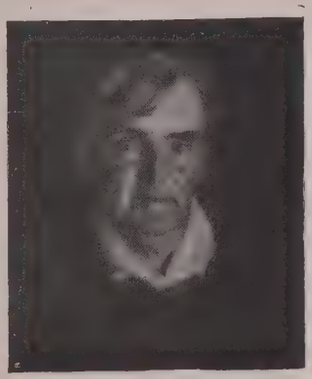

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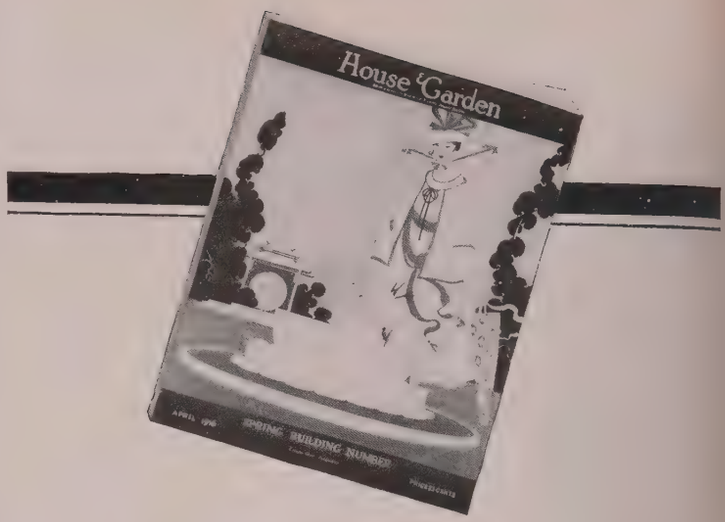

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"All Indoors and Out"

LA COMEDIE

(*Continued from page 244*)

a mignonne pocket of blue, green or white suède about the neck by a long chain of hand-wrought gold, and slung into the big pocket that is a feature of the latest coat.

"I won't be happy until I get it," says Ethel Barrymore. It is one of the old Chinese lamps and shades from Farmer's which are the latest word in becoming illuminations.

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March winds? April showers? They haven't the slightest effect on the new complexion. See Helena Rubinstein in our advertising columns.

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The Annual Dinner and Theatre Party

The Annual Dinner and Theatre Party of The Railway Mail Service Employees—Second Division—was given February 15th, under the able management of Mr. George Rosenberg. The members met at the Hotel Imperial and were received by Manager Rockefeller, who had arranged a special dinner for them. Later the party enjoyed a performance of the "Blue Paradise" at the Casino. Among the guests were: E. M. Norris, Supt. Railway Mail Service; W. E. Cochran, P. O. Inspector; W. S. Mayer, Auditor; John J. Scott, Terminal Railway; W. E. Hoover, Washington; E. L. Sloat, New York; J. R. Crocker, Supervisor; John J. Connolly, Supervisor; Mr. Quigley, Supt. P. R. R. Terminal Station; Thomas Owens, Asst. Supt. of Mail; F. L. Stickney, R. R. Mail Service, Buffalo; J. C. Burkholder, R. R. Mail Service, Harrisburg; B. S. Fellows, R. R. Mail Service, Philadelphia.

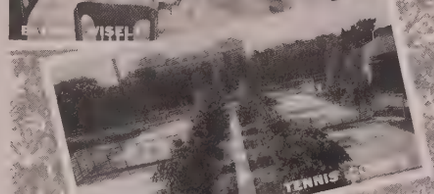
Students In Tercentenary Plays

The students of the University of Chicago whose pictures in the play in "Nice Wanton" appear on page 227 of this issue are J. C. Hemphill, Eleanor Dougherty and Sol Harrison.

The cast of "The Tempest," presented by the College of New Rochelle, is as follows:

Alonzo, King of Naples, Helen Zarembá; Sebastian, Julie Smith; Prospero, Alida Hamilton; Antonio, Gertrude Sullivan; Ferdinand, Clare Sheehan; Gonzalo, Hester Mooney; Adrian, Helen Casey; Francisco, Gertrude Fleming; Caliban, Maria Cendoga; Frinculo, Marian Baxter; Stephano, Ann Hynes; Master of Ship, Mary Clarey; Miranda, Helena Cuddihy; Ariel, Anne Hamilton; Iris, Rosalia Donlin; Ceres, Kathryn Cocks; Juno, Charlotte Mulligan; Nymphs, The Misses Dorothy Donovan, Ruth McMahon, Frances Petty, Anne Smith; Reapers, The Misses Mary Barret, Isabelle Egan, Helen O'Brien, Helen Langdon; Strange Shapes, The Misses M. Shaunessy, H. McKenna, I. Kelly, G. O'Connell, V. Waldron, M. Greene.

Marion McAllister is the page in the Teachers' College Festival.



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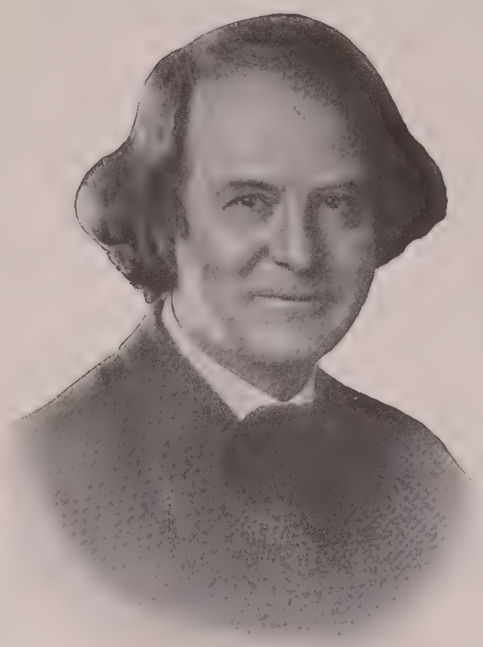

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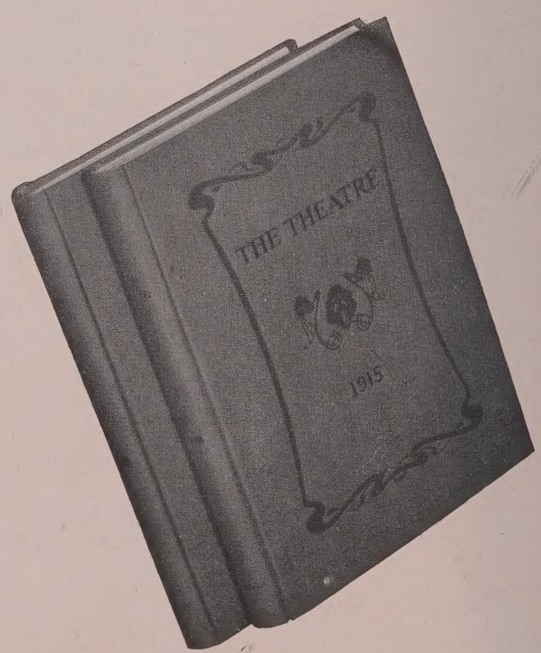

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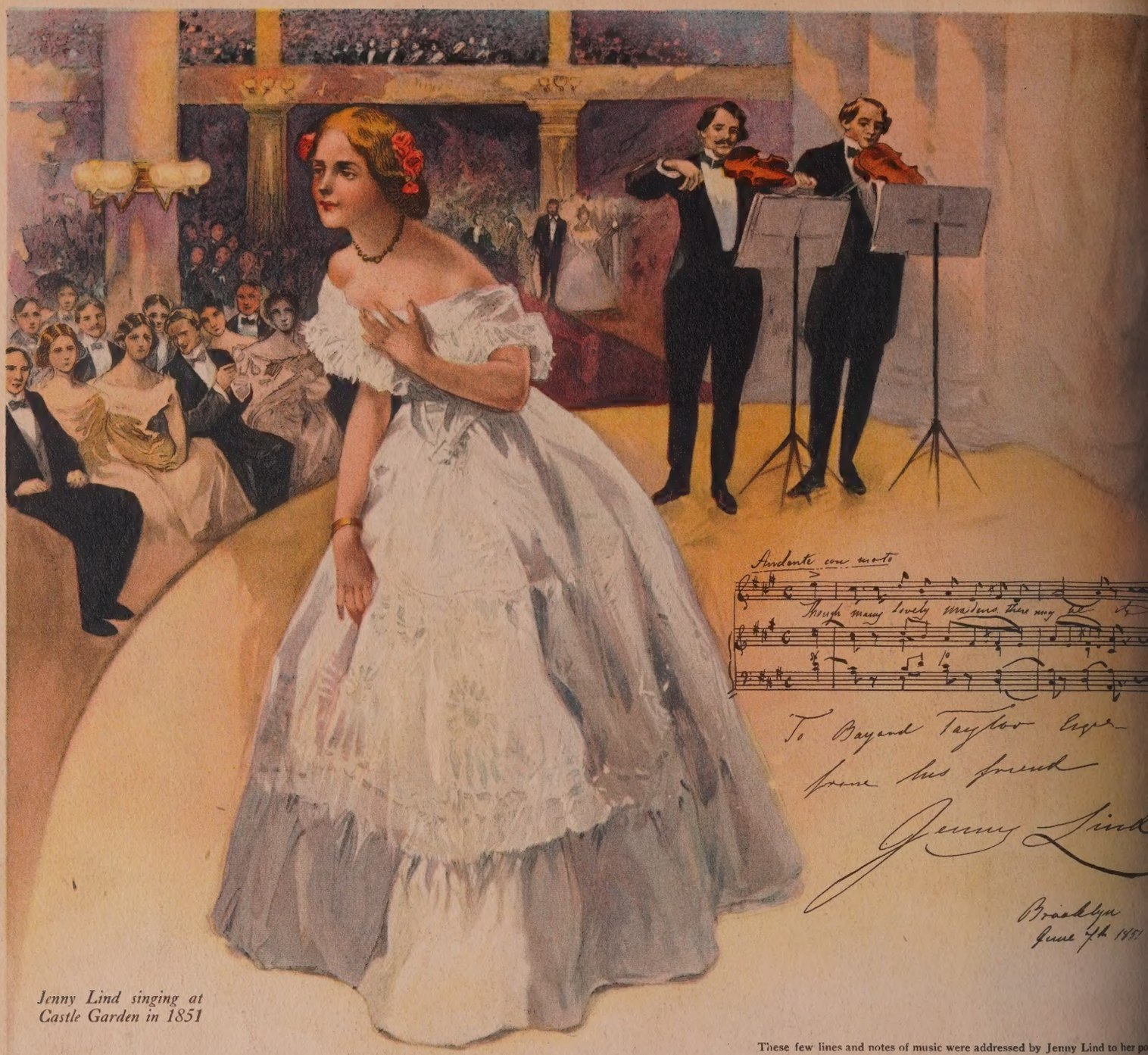
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